THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1867. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2412.

A REMINISCENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

I remember it all, how the spicy breeze
  Blew up from the forests of date and palm,
And the bird that sang in the lotus trees
  Had folded its scarlet wings. What a calm
Hung over the sea, and the dusky waves
  Beat low on the pearly, milk-white shore,
As we fancy far down in ocean caves,
  Bright footsteps beat on the emerald floor.

I remember how softly the silvery chime
  Of the vesper bell came to us there,
And all the sweets of that passionate clime
  Were throbbing upon the sleepy air.
There came the odor of orange flowers,
  And the coffee blossoms, creamy white,
And the perfume wafted from tamarind bowers,
  Pulsed over the brow of that languid night.

A cloud as light as a snowy dove
  Sailed into the sunset's brilliancy,
And we listened rapt to the song of love,
  The bulbul sang on a banyan tree:
And he said, "Dear love, at last my own,
  There is not another on earth so fair,"
And he took the pomgranate flowers that shone
  Like drops of flame in my jetty hair.

Then he called me his darling, his wayward child,
  And kissed my fingers one by one,
And I worshipped him then with a passion wild,
  As the Persian worships the glorious sun.
And I cannot tell how the anger came
  That raged like a demon in my breast—
But I think of it now with a flush of shame,
  How I filled my life with this mad unrest.

Then bitter words from my passionate lips,
  Fell fast in a shower of withering scorn,
That followed him as a pirate ship
  Might follow the rosy light of morn:
Then I turned and fled, and we never met
  Since I left him there 'neath the cocoa's shade,
But the ghost of a pitiful sad regret
  Has followed, where e'er my feet have strayed.

Oh! beautiful yet as a poet's dream,
  Is that tropical isle far over the sea,
Where I sat with my love and watched the gleam
  Of a scarlet wing in the lotus tree;
But I see no longer the groves of palm,
  Or the cloud as light as a snowy dove,
And feel no more the air of balm,
  Or list to the bulbul's song of love.
And I am alone. Ah! I shattered my heart
  When I left him—and sadder than all is this,
That my own hand tore love's chain apart,
  And dashed from my lips the cup of bliss.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOCTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

Although poor Mr. Crawford had been found in his hammock cold as a stone in a sling, Mr. Carstairs had at once been sent for; and notwithstanding that he knew his professional services were not needed, the good-natured little man had hurried to Greycraga, for the sake of her whom the dead man had left alone in the world. Of course, his first visit was paid to the chamber of death. The servants, weeping from the sudden strangeness of the event rather than from sorrow, unless, perhaps, some of them were touched for their young mistress's sake, were directed to retire—except Cubra, who had been so long the old man's confidential attendant—and the doctor stood by the dead man's side alone. There lay the fellow creature who had been his host but lately, and his patient for some trifling ailment only two days before. He had been an old man, it was true; but he had had no immediate warning of this fate; the gaunt form was wan and thin enough, but so it had always been since Mr. Carstairs had known him. There was nothing to account for so sudden a failure of the vital powers.

"Poor old man!" That was the only piece of sentiment in which the little doctor, accustomed to see death claim the aged, permitted himself to indulge. He was musing upon what he should say to the unhappy girl that was awaiting him below; what scheme he should propose to her for her future life, for he felt that he was the only counsellor she had, when something about the lips of the corpse attracted his attention.

"Draw the curtain still more back, Cubra," said he, hastily. "Give me all the light you can."

He bent over the dead man's face—already like the work of a sculptor's chisel—and then drew back, with something like horror depicted on his own.

Any one who had been looking in at that bedroom window would also have shrunk aghast from another face—that of Cubra herself, who was staring forth upon the lawn without, with cheeks of leaden hue, and eyes rolling in their sockets.

"Do you hear me, Cubra? more light," reiterated the doctor.

"Yes, Massa Carstairs;" she obeyed his mandate, yet did not turn her gaze towards him; but her ears were strained to catch his every word and movement.

"How strange!" he murmured. Then, passing to the mantel-piece, whereon stood a couple of bottles, he took out their corks and smelt at their contents. They were both from his own dispensary.

"Cubra," said he, carelessly, "did your poor master take any other medicines than those I used to send him?"

"Never, Massa Carstairs, never. Poor massa never liked medicine."

"Now, look at me, Cubra; you knew your master's ways better than anybody. Are you quite sure that he did not keep by him, in his desk, or in a drawer, anything to stop pain—he suffered from toothache, you know, for instance—now, try and recollect; was there no box or bottle from which he used to take something to relieve it?"

Cubra shook her head. "No; she was 'certain sure' such was not the case. Massa did not mind pain, like other folks."

Mr. Carstairs knew that this was true; for the old man, although it was his whim to be considered more of an invalid than he really was, had been a very stoic with respect to physical pain.

Mr. Robert Augustus Carstairs, F.R.C.S., had his weak professional side—a tendency not uncommon among the faculty to assign all ailments to one particular disease, and to exaggerate the effects thereof—but he was both a sagacious and a scientific man. Affecting to be convinced by Cubra's replies, he determined to ask a question or two elsewhere respecting the matter which had so much moved him. It was impossible to get any information out of this black domestic. She was faithful, no doubt, and it was to be hoped to a greater degree than any white woman, for she was certainly far stupider. If the late Mr. Crawford had really kept secreted about him any such thing as he (the doctor) suspected, it was in the highest degree unlikely that Cubra should have been made his confidente. Mr. Carstairs descended to the drawing-room, where he found poor Agnes alone. She was very sad and pale; but her tears were not falling now. She had been praying to One who wipes tears away from all eyes, and had found present comfort. Good people, as a rule (with the exception of utterly heartless folks,) weep least when Heaven takes away those nearest to them. She could not trust herself to speak much; but she had ears to hear all that was necessary to be said.

The little doctor took her hand in his with fatherly tenderness, and addressed to her a few unconventional words of sympathy. "Can I see your cousin, dear Miss Agnes?" inquired he; "for it must rest with him, of course, to arrange——"

"No," replied she, shaking her head. "Richard is quite unable for such a task. I never saw him so utterly unnerved as when——" Here she broke down a little; then resumed, "No, my dear Mr. Carstairs, I must trust wholly to your kindness in this matter."

"I am sorry," mused the doctor; "not," added he, hastily, "that I grudge either time or trouble in such a service, my dear young lady, but because I had certain questions to ask of him—mere matters of form it is true—but which must be more or less distressing to a daughter, respecting your poor father's death."

She bowed her head, in sign of her willingness to hear him.

"Did Mr. Crawford suffer, to your knowledge, from any chronic, or other pain, such as might have induced him to take opiates—or even stronger palliatives?"

"Certainly not. I should say that my poor dear father—considering his great age was signally free from such maladies. He never had even so much as an attack of rheumatism."

"He suffered, however, much at times, did he not, from depression of spirits?"

"Yes."

"Was that depression hypochondriacal, or resulting from some sufficient cause; I do not of course seek to pry into the nature of it, but was there a cause?"

"There was."

"Was that cause likely to have increased with years, or to have diminished?"

"To have diminished."

At this Mr. Carstairs looked sharply up into the grave young face; but nothing save truth was to be read therein.

"There was no immediate apprehension, then, hanging over your father, such as, combined with this depression, or independent of it, might have affected his reason?"

"Oh, sir, he spoke to me last night—as wisely, kindly—" here she hesitated; "we had a long talk together, and little did I imagine that it was to be the last between us."

"Forgive me the pain I see I am inflicting, dear Miss Agnes, but, during that conversation did he mention nothing of importance which was also novel, and such as dwelling upon a mind already enfeebled, might go far even to overthrow it."

"We spoke of an important matter, but it was one on which we had talked before. There were no secrets—none—between myself and him."

"Did you agree on that in which you talked, or was there a difference of opinion?"

"We agreed."

"Nothing then has taken place, to your knowledge, since I saw your father last, to give him any sudden mental shock?"

"No."

"Nothing to disturb or distress him?"

"Richard had an interview with him yesterday morning; I suppose about my cousin's going to sea. They were not on such good terms with one another as I could have wished—as I wish now more than ever. But my father was never put out by any disagreement with Richard, and he did not even mention that there had been such when I talked with him in the evening."

"And is Mr. Richard absolutely too ill to see me?"

"Yes, Mr. Carstairs. I am very anxious about my cousin. At times—and particularly of late—I have almost thought that he has not entirely recovered from that sunstroke which he received when upon the coast of Africa. I am not alarmed, except for himself, you will understand," added she, hastily, perceiving the doctor's grave looks, "but I do think his position precarious."

"What you have told me, my dear Miss Agnes, is only one more reason added to those which have already occurred to me, why you should not remain at Greycraga."

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs; could I leave *him?*" cried she, with a piteous glance in the direction of her father's room.

"You can be of no use to him more, dear girl. You will, of course, attend the funeral if you feel it well to do so; but in the meantime, you should not be here. I have already secured you rooms at widow Marcon's, at the Brae Cottage, if you will consent to remove thither. She is a good motherly person, and has herself experienced a recent sorrow that will make her sympathize with yours. With your cousin in such a state as you describe—independently of other very valid reasons—it is only right, nay, necessary, that you should move thither at once. You will have nothing to reproach yourself with, I hope, in leaving all matters here in my hands. Cubra will of course accompany you. Come, will you give me your promise, like a good girl?"

"I will do what you will, Mr. Carstairs, upon one condition. Tell me what has killed my poor dear father."

"*Killed* him, my child!—for I must be your father now—how ever can you use such words? He died of that commonest disease of all, old age. But, since it was so very sudden, it was my duty to ask those questions. Richard, if he had been himself, would have understood the necessity of them at once, although they seem so strange to *you*."

For serious, systematic, kindly lying, there is nobody that approaches your honest medical man. He will assure the husband (with the best intentions, and for his physical good, mind you), lying upon the bed, which his science tells him he will never leave with life, of returning strength; he will bid the wife, worn out with watching by his side, and to whom one refreshing sleep is priceless, to be of good cheer, for that there is healthiest hope. And, used to these pious frauds, Mr. Carstairs let fall his words as though he were dropping drops from the phial of the very quintessence of truth, and Agnes Crawford believed them.

"When we poor mortals have struggled on to eighty years," continued the doctor, "death can scarcely be said to come upon us unawares. If its approach be sudden, so much the better—that is, if we are only prepared for it in a spiritual sense: with the young and the unprepared, alas! it is very different."

Cunning Mr. Carstairs walked to the window as though he did not wish his countenance to be perused. His object was to interest his hearer in something else—no matter of it was itself distressing—than that with which her mind was oppressed; to lift, if but for a few minutes, the dull weight of that desolation which sits upon the mourner's soul and crushes the life-springs. His attempt succeeded. Agnes, always solicitous for others, inquired of whom he spoke.

"Of John Carlyon."

"What of him?" cried Agnes, starting to her feet. "He is not ill, I trust; not dying—oh, no, surely, sir, he is not dying?"

The doctor had overshot his mark. With clasped hands, and suddenly tearful eyes, the young girl stood before him, the very picture of despair. In closing one channel of grief he had opened the flood-gates of a deeper woe.

"Mr. Carlyon is not in any immediate danger, that I know of, my dear young lady. But his is not a good life. I mean, he has a disease—heart complaint—which may carry him off at any moment, and with which it is not to be expected that he can live long."

"How long have you known this, Mr. Carstairs?"

"Not long. Only since that day when he saved your life upon the sands."

"Oh, would to heaven that I had known it, too," cried Agnes, passionately. "I might have tried more earnestly to move him than I did. He is not fit to die, doctor."

"Few of us are, my dear young lady. Yet he has a noble soul, and a kind heart."

"He has, I know it. That such a one should be lost is only the more terrible."—Here she paused a moment. "Does Mrs. Newman—does his sister know of his sad state? I mean, as to health."

"Yes; I thought it my duty to acquaint her with it, in order that some reconciliation might be effected. But she would not move in the matter. She said that she had washed her hands of him. She is a hard woman. Carlyon once remarked that she had made a religion for herself out of the worst parts of Christianity, and certainly she is one of those who makes its profession repulsive. He has gone to London, and will not return to Woodlees any more. They will never meet again in this world, those two—be calm, my dear young lady; be like yourself, and bear with patience what God Himself permits to be. I cannot, I dare not, leave you in this state. You will come to the Brae, like a good girl. I have a close carriage at the door."

He spoke to her as though she were a child, and, like a child, she listened, and obeyed him.

"I suppose you are right, doctor," returned she, feebly; "as I am sure you are kind. Yes, I will go with you. But first let me take leave of *him* for the last time."

"No, my dear young lady," replied the doctor, firmly; "that must not be. It may seem cruel, but I am only doing what he would wish could those cold lips speak. Think of him as you saw him last."

"I understand, sir. Alas, alas!"

"A good girl, a wise and dutiful girl. I will ring for Cubra, and she will get ready such things as you may require. Mrs. Marcon quite expects you both."

"You will see Richard, sir, before you go."

"True, I had forgotten him; I will look to him at once."

"Tell him, please, with my kindest love, Mr. Carstairs—his cousin's love—that I do not feel equal to wishing him good-bye to-day. In a day or two—after the—"

"Yes, yes, I will manage all that," returned the doctor. "Of course you cannot see him. Here is Cubra—that's well."

The black woman put a key into his hand, and whispered a few words, unobserved by her young mistress, who lay back on the sofa with closed eyes, conscious of nothing save her bereavement.

"I will ring for them when they are to come up," resumed he, in the same low voice. "Get together what your mistress will require for the next few days. You must go with her to Widow Marcon's at once. The sooner she gets from this house the better. Where is Mr. Richard?"

"He is gone out, sir."

"Gone out? Where has he gone?"

"God A'mighty knows. Gone for a long walk, he said; his head was bad. He take poor massa's death to heart so much."

Mr. Carstairs nodded, and left the room.

"That's strange," muttered he. "He was in the house when I came, for I saw him at his bed-room window. I wonder why he doesn't wish to see me." Once more, the doctor sought the chamber of death; once more bent over the dead man—and, as he did so, his countenance grew graver than ever. "This is horrible," murmured he. "It would kill her to think that he killed himself, and would benefit nobody. But if there has been foul play—yet that is impossible." He rang the bell, and summoned the man-servant, while he set his seal upon the desk, wherein he knew lay the dead man's will. For Mr. Crawford had been more communicative to the doctor of late than to any other person. Then the chamber was again given up to those who minister the last rites to poor humanity.

Mr. Carstairs saw the carriage depart containing the unhappy Agnes and her attendant; then followed close behind it on his pony.

"At all risks, I will spare her if I can," murmured he. "It will be time enough to make a stir when the will is read, and if anybody but herself is found to derive benefit from the old man's death. I wonder why Richard would not see me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOWED ASTERN.

Months have passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter. In the will of Mr. Crawford no other name save that of his daughter was mentioned. Richard's little property had been somewhat improved while in his uncle's care, and was found more than sufficient for his own very simple needs. He had had an interview with Mr. Carstairs after his uncle's funeral, in which he had behaved with unexpected calmness and good sense. He was very solicitous about his own state of health, and seemed to be well aware that there was danger with respect to his mind. He owned that he still felt the effects of the sunstroke received two years ago, although only on occasions of excitement. He spoke of his uncle with respect, but without any hypocritical regret. He felt sorry, he said, now that Mr. Crawford was dead, that they had not been better friends; but confessed that they never had got on agreeably together. Any lingering suspicion which the doctor may have entertained of "foul play" in the matter of the old man's death was entirely done away with, and whatever views he still entertained with respect to the untimeliness of his decease, he attached no blame to Richard. He was much ashamed of himself at having ever harbored so groundless a prejudice, and felt a kindly interest in one he had so gravely wronged in thought. He cordially approved of the young man's proposition to mix with the world for a little before going to sea again, and Richard accordingly set out for London.

Agnes was greatly pleased at the unexpected good sense exhibited by her cousin. When he came to bid her good-bye, he showed no trace of that wilfulness and passion he had been used to exhibit, and which had caused her to regard him of late (although she did not own it to herself) with less of affection than alarm. Perhaps, out of regard for her recent bereavement, perhaps, because he felt that he had really no chance of winning her heart, he made no direct allusion to his love for her, and even the hint he dropped was so slight that it did not strike her with any force until long afterwards. He said that he felt it was better for him to leave Mellor for the present, but that he should see her again—she might depend on that—before he undertook another voyage. When she spoke of writing to him in the meantime, he answered, "No, Agnes; I had rather there was silence between us for the present. I shall hear about you, and of everything you do—that is, Mr. Carstairs has promised to let me know." He was manifestly making a gallant effort to shake off his hopeless passion, and at parting she was more deeply moved, or seemed to be so, than he. She mentally blessed the kindly little doctor for his good offices which, while releasing her from a most embarrassing attachment, had left her an affectionate well-wisher and friend in her only cousin.

So Richard Crawford, like John Carlyon, was swallowed up in the great world of London, where men do, even more than elsewhere, what is right in their own eyes; and Agnes was left in her little world at Mellor—shrunk to small dimensions indeed by their secession—at Widow Marcon's cottage, "The Brae."

A very pretty little dwelling it was, on the very margin of the bay, down to which the small garden, with its couple of tiny terraces and Lilliputian arbor, sloped. A toy palace, fit for a queen (of Titania's nature), with a very limited court. The widow, finding herself but ill provided for at her husband's death, had taken the place with a speculative eye. Such a bijou of a villa residence could not fail to attract some elderly spinster or widow like herself, or even two sisters (if they did not mind occupying the same sleeping apartment, for there was but one "best bed-room")—it was such a lovely spot, and so adapted for persons of elegant tastes and limited incomes. There was a dining-room, in which one could not quite give what is called a dinner party, but three could sit down in it very comfortably, and even more, if the fourth didn't mind getting up from her seat to let the servant pass round the table. This room opened upon a lawn, soft as a carpet (and not at all larger than are the common run of carpets)—the only naturally level piece of ground in the whole fairy demesne. The dining-room opened upon "the hall," upon the white stone floor of which, you might have eaten your dinner, so far as cleanliness was concerned, and provided you did not have more than one dish up at a time, for there would not have been room for more; and, on the other side of the hall—a good long step (for a short person)—lay the drawing-room, quite a stately apartment by comparison with the rest, and capable of accommodating six persons—four in the body of the room, and two in the bow window, which was built in a bower of honeysuckle and roses, and looked, from the outside, like a bird's nest. The rent of "The Brae"—which, considered as a model for a habitation, was really perfect, however absurd as a real dwelling house for grown-up people—was small even in proportion to its dimensions; but then Miss Crawford was such an eligible tenant for "not giving trouble," and for "putting up" with the widow's shortcomings and ignorance confessed of how "the quality" required to be served; and also, in all probability, "you see," said the widow, in confidence to her gossips, "she would be for a permanency."

Thus, though the income hitherto paid to her father, notwithstanding his change of name, by the good-will of the Government, had, of course, ceased, what with her very moderate out-goings in respect to lodging, and her inexpensive habits of living, Agnes, so far from being poor, was able to make more considerable investments even than before in that stock which, though it pays but little more to its debenture holders at present than the London Chatham and Dover Railway, is spoken of by the clergy and others as likely one day to return an immense percentage. If giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, as there is good reason to believe, Agnes Crawford was laying up for herself much treasure in heaven. And yet she was not happy. That the prosperity of the wicked (unless prosperity means happiness) should offend us almost beyond reconcilement, appears unreasonable, compared with the distrust inspired by the unhappiness of the godly. *That* (as it seems to me) is a matter that much more requires an obedient, unquestioning faith. It is certain that Agnes Crawford was not happy. Unlike that pious gentleman who deemed it a cause of thankfulness (to himself and the elect) that there were "babes a span long in hell," she not only wished that no little one should perish, but, if it were possible, not a single soul, and especially not John Carlyon's soul. What a short time had he to live, and in the midst of life how near was he to death; and yet what could she do? Many a night she lay awake in her sea-bordered home, while the great winter tides swirled in and out, and the wind moaned and shrieked like a lost spirit, thinking with aching heart of him who saved her from the roaring flood, but whom *she* could not save. What was he doing, what was he thinking, what was he believing, during those precious unreturning months? Mr. Carstairs had heard from him once or twice, but only with respect to certain business matters of a nature to be intrusted to him rather than to Mr. Scrivens. He was setting his house in order in one sense, yet there was no sign of carefulness for the most important matter of all. How often were her small, white hands wedded in vicarious supplication—how often was his name whispered to God through those pure lips! Many men have intercessors of this sort (beside the Great One,) who innocent themselves, little know what sins they would have shriven; and Heaven grant such prayers may not be altogether unanswered. Let us trust there must be something good in the object, however unworthy, that can provoke such supplications.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Artemus on His Travels.

Did you ever hear of the late Artemus Ward's experience in travelling without method? He left New York by a night boat. Directly a man spoke to him, saying, "Going West, sir?"

Said Artemus, "I suppose so." Then said the man, "As I'm from the West, we'll go drink."

"Do you drink brandy?" said the man.

"I suppose so," said Charley.

"Where in the thunder *be* you going," said the man.

"Well, I'm going anywhere for a month. Just as other men lead me. I've travelled with purpose till I'm sick. A purpose is worse than baggage. I'm going on, that's all I know."

The man said he was with Browne till death. He had never done anything a-purpose. "So," he said, "suppose we go to my state-room and play a game of poker."

They played poker till daylight, when Browne was very tight. He had lost four or five hundred dollars. A second man joined them at Albany. "So you two be travelling by chance, as you may say? Well, I'm with you to the death." They got off the boat, and a hack-driver said: "Where do you want to go, gentlemen?" "Anywhere; go on." He drove to a bar-room with much alacrity. There they made so great a noise that the proprietor cried, "Where be you going, men?" "Don't care!" "Then go out!" They met a policeman on the side-walk. "Where are you bound?" "Anywhere." "Then I 'spose the station-house will suit." Charley Browne was pulled up before the Judge next day; he gravely gave the name of Gerritt Smith, and Gerritt was fined for drunkenness. "Where now?" cried the purposeless ones. They saw a sign—"Utica train"—and they went to Utica. There a stage-driver hailed them, "Where be you going?" "Anywhere." So they started for Trenton Falls. The third day of lolling, they took a pony ride up into the wilderness, permitting the nags to select their own route. Suddenly, the original man produced a pistol.

"Hand out your money," he cried, very sternly, to Browne.

Browne complied with great complacency.

"We brought you out here to rob you," said the second man.

"Then," said Browne, "you're deuced swindlers. We were to travel without method, and you've had a method all along. I don't care a nonpareil whether you shoot me or not; but I won't have the travelling contract broken."

"We said," cried the first man, coldbloodedly, "that we'd follow you to the death. You're up to that pint now, party close."

"I object to nothing," said Browne; "I said I would travel anywhere. You skunked me. Put up your irons; we'll spend this money together."

The two thieves laughed. "You're cool enough," they said. "What are you by name and business?"

"I'm Artemus Ward."

"Did you write the visit to the Shakers?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill, put up your gun. I thought this was Artemus. We'll spend his money instead of his brains."

But Charles Browne grew methodical on the homeward route, and steered for New York alone.

☞ They have a queer idea of "prohibition" in Vienna. The police recently threatened a lager-beer seller to fine him heavily if he did not increase the size of his glasses.

☞ In Canada silver is so plenty that traders are refusing it in payment of debts above the legal tender, and people write complaints to the papers about "the silver nuisance."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 19, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections have come and gone—somewhat like a whirlwind.

Of course, an' we chose, we could explain the whole matter—just as clearly as our political contemporaries. But as THE POST is a literary paper, its editor must forbear.

In one opinion, however, we are pleased to see that all the politicians agree. Differing as the Republican and Democratic editors do in almost everything else—one side stating twenty reasons why the election went as it did, and the other side giving as many reasons of a diametrically opposite character—in one view they all unite. We may therefore, we think, without offence to President Johnson, General Grant, Thaddeus Stevens, or "any other man," give as a conclusion upon which all are agreed, that the defeated party—whichever it is—lost this election, in the same way that so many preceding parties have lost their elections—

By not polling a sufficient number of votes.

Here is the great secret of political success—bring out your men—poll more votes than the opposition party—and you cannot fail to succeed! This is the rule that "old" Andrew Jackson and "old" Abraham Lincoln adopted, and by which they were able to do that very difficult feat, as one would at first thought suppose, "*carry* the country." So certain is this rule in its operations, that there is little doubt that the adroit politician who invented the plan to "vote early, vote often, and keep on voting," would undoubtedly have caused his party always to succeed, had he not once paid an unfortunate visit to the penitentiary, and forgot to come out before the door was closed.

In conclusion, we have one piece of advice to give both Republicans and Democrats:—

TAKE THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It will make you reasonable in victory, console you in your defeats, and confer such general knowledge and good sense upon your boys, that when they grow up and come to vote, they will do what the politicians of both parties are continually telling their fellow-citizens to do, "*vote right.*"

Be careful how you take political papers. But if you do take one political paper, always take two; one of your own way of thinking, and the ablest one you can find on the opposite side. This was the way Abraham Lincoln did, as Mr. Herndon, his law-partner, tells us. And it is a capital way to keep a man from running into ridiculous extremes. Of course it is more difficult to come to a decision when you read both sides—but then *your decision will be worth something.* Every day do we hear men making fools of themselves in conversation, as a consequence of only reading one side of public questions, and believing implicitly everything that their own party leaders and editors say.

No reader of THE POST should do this. Brethren, if you must meddle with politics, and read political papers,—and we suppose you *must*—always read both sides. Then you will generally have a pretty correct idea of the merits and demerits of all public men and public measures, you will not be so much the tools of parties and politicians, and will be able always to vote understandingly, and like free, patriotic and independent men.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

We call attention to the advertisement of this monthly journal. The Agriculturist is one of the best of the agricultural monthlies, and deserves the liberal support which it receives.

☞ A Russian engineer exhibits at the Paris Exposition a railway invention which has attracted considerable attention. The object is to save the power gained by a descent, now lost by the friction of the brakes with wear and tear, and use it in an ascent. To do this the engine has attached to the locomotive two very heavy fly wheels. Going down hill they act as a brake, and the force they gather will carry the train up an equal rise, less the friction.

☞ A great many of those who talk most about Liberty, have no other idea of Liberty than this:—the Liberty of forcing by law other people to do what you think right. Now the very essence of the true idea of Liberty is Free Agency. And men should only be restrained by law from interference with the free agency of others (as by theft, murder, &c.)—not in the exercise of their own free agency in things which concern themselves.

☞ The French government has just ordered 800,000 waistbelts, each having attached to it a small medicine box. The latter will contain whatever is necessary to five, in a rough way, a first dressing to a wound, or to stop dysentery. The whole will cost about 1,600,000fr.

☞ In a Chicago theatre, a few evenings since, a dandy youth was staring persistently at a gentleman's wife, through an opera glass, when the married man took the printed card "Taken," which lay on a reserved seat near by, and held it up before his wife. The youth looked no more.

☞ Mrs. Lincoln, according to a report in the Boston Post, will become an authoress, and is writing a book entitled "Five Years in the White House."

☞ Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.

☞ CITY FARMING.—A farmer, in relating his experience in city farming, said, "I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?"

"Wheat, barley, or oats?"

"No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

☞ Miss Riggs, who married Mr. Howard in Washington, received $100,000 worth of bridal presents.

No Repudiation.

The Secretary of the Treasury has recently written the following letter to a gentleman in New York. It will be perceived that the Secretary comes right up to the mark. We may add that as to the question of paying in paper or in coin, the thing properly managed will settle itself. By proper economy in our national and other expenditures, greenbacks can be brought in a few years to be equivalent to gold—and this is the policy all should strive after. The following is the Secretary's letter:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Oct. 7, 1867.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 4th inst. is received. Too much importance is attached to the utterance to which you refer. The people of the United States are all sound upon the question of the preservation of the national faith as they were upon the question of the preservation of the Union. I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the five-twenty bonds when they are paid in coin.

There need be, I think, no apprehension that they will be called in at the expiration of five (5) years from their respective dates and paid in United States notes.

The United States notes were issued under the pressure of a great necessity, and are, by authority of Congress, being rapidly withdrawn from circulation. No more can be issued under existing laws, nor can I believe that any considerable number of the members of Congress would favor an additional issue for any purpose whatever, much less for the purpose of paying bonds in violation of the express understanding under which they were negotiated.

The policy of contracting the circulation of United States notes adopted by Congress and being steadily pursued by the Secretary, should of itself, even if the honor of the nation were not involved in the question, satisfy holders that five-twenty bonds will not be called in and paid before maturity in a depreciated currency. Very truly yours,

H. McCULLOCH, Secretary.

An Absent-Minded Judge.

Quite an amusing adventure befell Judge Van Buren on Saturday evening, which created no small amount of merriment among his friends. The judge, it appears, had ordered a new pair of boots from a shoemaker on State street, and he went over on Saturday to put them on. The shoemaker put up the old boots in a brown paper parcel, and his honor walked away with the parcel in his hand, the new boots on his feet. Coming to a huckster stand opposite the post-office, he spied a pair of fine fat chickens, which he thought would make an excellent Sunday dinner. He bought them, and the storekeeper put them up in a brown paper parcel. The judge, rather heavy laden, proceeded homeward with the old boots in one hand and the chickens in the other. "After all," thought he, "the old boots are of no use to me anyhow. I may as well give them to some poor man and relieve myself. It will be doing a charity to both parties." At the corner of the street he encountered a colored man.

"*Here, friend,*" said the judge, handing him a brown paper parcel, "there's a present for you, and I hope they'll fit."

"Thank you, sir," said the astonished shade; "I'm sure they will." And he went on his way rejoicing.

The judge also went on his way glad at heart. He met some friends at the door of Mr. Jordan, the undertaker, on Clark street.

"Good-evening, Mr. Jordan," said his honor, in a cheery tone; "business brisk?"

Mr. Jordan looked grave.

"I have just bought a pair of splendid chickens," said the judge, "for Sunday dinner. Just look at them." And he proceeded to open the parcel for inspection.

"Chickens!" exclaimed Mr. Jordan; "why they look mighty like a pair of very old boots. I shouldn't like to have them chickens in my stomach."

The judge took off his hat, scratched his head. "Why, hang me if I haven't given that darkie the chickens after all. Well, I'm a pair of boots ahead, and a pair of chickens short."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SUMMER'S DEATH.

By the lengthening twilight hours;
By the chill and fragrant showers;
By the flow'ret's pale and faded;
By the leaves with russet shaded;
By the gray and clouded morn;
By the drooping ears of corn;
By the meadows, overspread
With the spider's wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky;
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath—
Summer, we perceive thy death!

Summer, all thy charms are past;
Summer, thou art wasting fast;
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow reposes.
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And, on every lonely height,
Swallows gather for their flight;
While the will wind's dreary tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's death.

ALL RIGHT.—There was a good woman at Andover, who, in the time of the old Arminian controversy, went to her minister in great trouble, one day, saying, "Doctor, they do say you are an Armenian." "An Armenian! that I am an Armenian! Why, I was born down here in Duxbury, and have never been out of the state in all my life." "I thought they maligned ye," said the good woman, who departed quite relieved and thoroughly satisfied that her minister was all right.

☞ A certain judge, pronouncing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said:—"You shall be taken to the place of execution and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!" At this the prisoner exclaimed: "Hold there, judge; I want none of your prayers, for I never knew any one to live long after you prayed for him!"

☞ A foreign journal announces that the railway from Paris to Strasburg has now three-story cars for first, second, and third-class passengers.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Dickens's Vision.

In a recent number of his journal Dickens gives an account of a vision which he had, and to which he does not hesitate to ascribe a supernatural character. It occurs in a note which he appends to an article from a contributor who has a theory to propose concerning spectral appearances. His own story is as follows: "We dreamed that we were in a large assembly and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being toward us, we touched her. On looking round she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on apologizing, said, pleasantly, 'I am Miss N———,' mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening we recognized (with a strange feeling,) coming in at the open door of our room the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N———, the name in the dream. No circumstances, near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on the real, common-place visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter we had no previous knowledge of her name nor of her existence."

THE MOST MERCIFUL MODE OF KILLING ANIMALS.—To kill animals for market with the least possible cruelty has been the object of some recent experiments made in French slaughter-houses at Vincennes. At present oxen are slaughtered by blows from heavy hammers on the head, which inflict torture on the unfortunate victims. The idea occurred to an eminent French physiologist that the section of the spine would produce more instant death. This, however, has not been demonstrated. An ox thus killed lived for twelve minutes, and endured during that time the most horrible sufferings. Decapitation was then tried, with the following curious results: "A calf was decapitated in the space of a quarter of a minute. Its head was then placed on a table. In six minutes two ounces and a half of blood were lost. During the first minute the face was frightfully convulsed, the mouth opened and shut as though the animal were eating; and, strange to say, on putting the hand against the mouth and nostrils, it was easy to feel the respiration continuing." Thirty animals were thus killed, and the result of the observations taken was that the committee decided that the old practice of killing by means of blows from a hammer should be continued. [We should think the most merciful mode was by a bullet in the heart—but we suppose the expense is against this way.—*Ed. Post.*]

RITUALISM.—The Commission created in England to examine the subject of Ritualism have reported to the Queen that they have made an impartial examination of the matter; that they do not regard vestments as essential, as "they give grave offence to many;" that they consider it expedient "to restrain the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress." They say, however, that they are not yet prepared to recommend the best mode of giving effect to the conclusions of their report, but will consider this matter, and make a future communication upon it.

☞ The same laws that secure property encourage avarice; and the fences made about honest acquisition are the bars which secure the hoards of the miser.

Indian Agents.

In the course of a long article on the Indian question, the Louisville Journal has the following:—

We had the pleasure of an hour's conversation, a few days ago, with the foster brother of the celebrated Seminole chief, Billy Bowlegs. His reminiscences of the Florida war are exceedingly interesting. He was one of the moderate party in the tribe, the tribe friendly to the whites. When the tribe finally split upon the subject, he was with those who petitioned Gen. Zachary Taylor to transfer them beyond Arkansas.

At no time during his life had he been hostile to the whites, although he fought with his tribe so long as general warfare was kept up. He says that he does not remember a single instance in thirty years in which the whites have religiously kept an engagement with the Indians. He never has known a treaty which, carried into effect, was not somehow distorted to the prejudice of the Indian. He has known but one or two Indian agents who were honest men. The rest are all scoundrels, and invariably cheat the Indians out of seven-eighths of their annuities, or of their money in trade. He draws a very striking picture of the payment of annuities; one such scene, he says, will represent the whole.

The Indian Agent makes his appearance at a certain point to distribute the annuities. The Indians of the tribe, having been previously notified, are present. A young warrior, in the first flush of manhood, ambitious, inexperienced, comes up to receive say one hundred dollars, which is due him, as the son of a chief. The first thing that attracts him is a beautiful blanket, a red Mah-keenah perhaps, which the artful agent has placed in a prominent position for the very purpose. He must have that blanket. Very well; the agent is willing that he should; it is just the same as money. A roll is prepared in blank, but the ignorant Indian does not know it. He makes his mark. Then the blank is filled by the agent with as many blankets as he deems prudent. Our Seminole has known of instances where the blank has been filled with forty blankets, while only one was actually received by the Indian receipting.

There are butcher knives, a very nice article. An Indian who wishes one is charged $40 for it. If he gets drunk and wishes to return it and get something else, he is the same day permitted to return it, and is credited with $1.25.

Presently the agent, finding that his receipts will cover the whole annuity to the tribe, suddenly closes his books, and announces to the crestfallen Indians that there is no more to come. But he has still on hand a few blankets and other trifles for which he will dicker. If an Indian would like an old French musket, for which the agent has paid $3, he can have it for $45 in cash, or furs at the lowest price. So the shameless trade goes on.

At night the agent has full receipts for his goods, or cash, and has seven-eighths of the whole sale in his pocket or under guard. Perhaps he will have large portions of it exposed for sale on the frontier shortly afterward. Perhaps he will have it safely buried at his encampment.

Now, if he can get all the Indians drunk, he can probably steal back the greater portion of the one-eighth distributed to them. Next day he will swear they traded with him for whiskey. So he rolls out a dozen kegs of whiskey, knocks out the heads and winds up the day with the biggest spree he can get up.

This is the model Indian agent, painted from life.

Pianos, and Piano Forte Playing.

It is very difficult to coax a great pianist to touch an instrument of which he knows nothing. However great his powers of execution, he well knows he must be helped by the piano upon which he is performing, and that, should it fail in tone, resonance, tune, and touch, he would soon lose his self-control over expression, his coolness in the daring of difficulties, and give but small token of his real specialty as a pianist. With the violin the tone has to be made by strings and bow; the performer may choose his strings and his bow, and very much of his play is in his own choice and disposition. With the organ, the tone is made and the touch unchangeable; the executant has only to blend his stops and regulate his attack upon the key-board. But with the piano, although the tone is made, the power of illustrating it in all its varieties, and of breathing into the instrument the sensibilities of music, is very much dependent upon mechanism—the mechanism of the speaking portion of the key-board—and unless the performer can fully rely on this portion of the mechanism, he has no fair field, and no real opportunity for exhibiting either his prowess or generalship in the unfolding and display of musical composition.—*Song Messenger.*

☞ Rev. M. H. Gallagher, in noticing some instances in the education of children, said he knew of a woman who used to tie her boy to a bed-post on Sunday, while she went to church, and made him learn the hymn beginning, "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love."

☞ I serenaded Sophia once when she was but a tender lass, and the greeting which I received for my travelling musical convention has never been fully appreciated by me. It was the witching hour of 1 A. M., when church-yards yawn. Everything was hushed, and stillness reigned profound. I commenced to sing, "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia was hanging out of the window, and it was through her solicitation that I endeavored to warble "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia's tyrannical pap stuck his head out of the window, and in a voice of thunder roared: "Well, just set it on the door-step, and don't make so much fuss about a blamed little flower."

☞ It is related that turkey cocks are made to do hens' duty in France. They are made drunk with wine, their breasts plucked, and then they are placed on a sitting of eggs. On "coming out of it" they find their breasts cold unless they remain where they are, and therefore accept the situation—that is to say, the hen's.

☞ "Beware of divers, and strange doctrines," was the text of an anti-immersionist preacher.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Home Intelligence.

The Elections.

PHILADELPHIA.—In this city the majority of Hon. George Sharswood, the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, is 2,487; for Gen. Peter Lyle, Democratic candidate for sheriff, 3,953; for Major Joseph N. Peirsol, Democratic candidate for City Treasurer, 2,112; for General J. F. Ballier, Democratic candidate for City Commissioner, 1,734; for Joseph Mogary, Democratic candidate for Clerk of Orphans' Court, 1,317; for Gen. William A. Leech, Democratic candidate for Register of Wills, 1,198.

Hon. James R. Ludlow, nominated by a citizen's meeting and adopted by the Democratic Convention, is selected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by a majority of 5,500.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sharswood, (Dem.) has been elected Judge of the Supreme Court by about 1,500 majority. The Legislature is Republican in both branches, with 20 majority on joint ballot. Woodward, (Dem.) has been elected to Congress in the vacant Luzerne district.

OHIO.—Hayes, (Republican) has been elected by a majority of about 2,500. The Legislature is Democratic in both branches, by a majority of from 5 to 10 on joint ballot. This legislature elects a U. S. Senator, in place of Ben. Wade, whose term expires shortly.

The Working Men's and Democratic candidate in the Cincinnati district, (General Carey) is elected—a Republican loss.

The Negro Suffrage amendment is defeated by a large majority—probably 30,000.

INDIANA.—The returns show large Democratic gains.

IOWA.—A Despatch from Des Moines says: "Twenty-nine counties so far heard from, give 14,000 Republican majority; the remaining counties will increase it to 25,000."

CONNECTICUT.—The town elections report a Democratic gain of 17 towns in 100 heard from. There are about 160 towns in the State.

COUNTERFEIT BONDS.—About $160,000 worth of seven-thirty bonds sent to Washington by New York houses, for redemption, have been pronounced counterfeit by United States Treasurer Spinner. It is believed that considerable quantities of these counterfeits are held in New York and the West. All of them were of the A or B series, ranging within the following named thousands, namely, 68,000, 140,000, 160,000 and 180,000. The result of the examination, as ordered by the Solicitor of the Treasury, is—

First. The seal is slightly larger than the genuine; the red ink with which it is stamped is a shade lighter, and the points projecting from the seal are blurred, and a little longer than the genuine.

Second. The imprint at the bottom of the face of the bond, is set different in the margin, there being more space given it than in the genuine.

Third. The borders of the coupons which are attached to the counterfeit bonds are larger, while the red figures are finer than in the genuine.

Fourth. The borders of the ornamented lathe work are blurred and somewhat indifferently executed.

Fifth. The figures denoting the bond are slightly uneven, while the blue ink in which they are printed is a duller blue, and lacks the metallic glossy appearance of the genuine.

Sixth. There is to the experts a difference in the vignette—the female figure on the face of the bond; the lines are not so well shaded, nor is the black ink so well distributed.

The counterfeit is regarded as one of the most dangerous that has yet been executed. About 250,000 are believed to be in existence. The loss, of course, falls upon the holders, if they cannot prove from whom they received them—not upon the government.

MARYLAND.—The Republican Convention have nominated Judge Bond for Governor. Their resolutions say that the Republican party of Maryland adhere firmly to the principles of manhood suffrage, universal and uniform education and the payment of the national debt, and pledge themselves to fight it out on that line.

A resolution in favor of the nomination of Gen. Grant for President was passed by 64 yeas to 17 nays.

MASSACHUSETTS.—John Quincy Adams, son of Charles Francis Adams, and grandson of "the old man eloquent," has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor.

WASHINGTON.—The following are Washington items, containing more or less truth:

It appears to be certain now that Gen. McClernand, of Illinois, will not succeed General Grant in the War Department. The general belief here is that the result of the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania puts a quietus upon impeachment.

Gen. Sherman will leave here shortly for New York, and thence go to Missouri.

The Washington Lincoln Monument Association have closed a contract for a monument of Italian marble, to be thirty-six feet high, including a statue of Lincoln, eight feet in height.

Senor Romero, the Mexican envoy, took final leave of the President on Saturday. The United States steamer Wilderness has been placed at his disposal.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says: "General Grant to-day in conversation on the elections of last Tuesday, said he was pleased with the result, because it would allay anxiety about a conflict of arms and revolution, and compel moderation on the part of extremists, who have been threatening measures that disturbed the public mind, and kept well-disposed citizens in alarm for the stability of the Government and the security of our financial interests."

A distinguished New York Democrat states that on an interview with the President, it is ascertained that there are to be no Cabinet changes for the present, and no variation in the general policy of the Administration. The disposition is to let the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections go for what they are worth; but that should New York declare against the Radical party, "then," said Mr. Johnson, "the Executive Department will be fully equal to the requirements of the times, as indicated by these irresistible expressions of the popular will."

RICHMOND—THE TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—In view of the trial of Davis double the usual number of Petit Jurors have been ordered to be summoned for the fall term. The Hon. James Lyons was furnished with a copy of the indictment against Davis. General Welles, of Alexandria, it is understood, is engaged on the side of the prosecution. Prosecuting Attorney Chandler leaves to-night for New York to consult with Mr. Evarts, who assists him.

THE PLAINS.—On the 5th instant, 431 lodges of Indians were assembled at Medicine Lodge Creek to attend the Peace Council, and 421 lodges were on the way thither. The Cheyennes are said to be now desirous of peace.

At the Indian Council now in progress at Fort Harker there are said to be 5,000 Indians present, representing the Arrapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Camanches. These Indians are in consultation with the Peace Commissioners, and most of them are reported to be anxious for peace. The mission of General Sherman and the Commissioners is considered thus far a great success.

A party of thieves, who have depredated for some months on the Pacific railroad, have been arrested at Omaha, Nebraska, and some of the stolen property has been recovered. The thieves were connected with the railroad.

The steamer Only Chance, from Fort Benton, Montana, arrived at Omaha on Friday night, with $3,000,000 in treasure and 200 passengers.

NEW ORLEANS.—An ordinance passed by the old City Council, over the Mayor's veto, which had not since been heard from, appropriating $70,000 for the establishment and support of negro schools, has been officially promulgated by the Mayor. Separate schools for the negroes are being established.

The deaths from yellow fever continue to average from 60 to 70 daily.

SHERRIDAN.—Gen. Sheridan still continues his tour, being received with great enthusiasm everywhere. At a serenade to him in Boston on Monday night, the crowd in Bowdoin Square was so great that over fifty ladies, who had ventured to the scene, fainted. One had her ribs broken, and others were more or less injured.

At Springfield, Mass., the General, in a little speech, said "he had a lively recollection of the place, as when in service he had so often thought of the Springfield musket."

TROUBLE IN VIRGINIA.—Particulars from Norfolk county, show a serious state of affairs among the negro squatters. Besides resisting the United States officers, they have held meetings which they attend armed, and at one of these meetings the chief speaker urged the idea that the negroes were more powerful than the whites in the South, and would hold the lands they were on at all hazards.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The news from Italy shows that the revolutionary movements of Garibaldi are causing intense excitement throughout that kingdom. Several engagements are reported to have taken place, the last resulting to the disadvantage of the revolutionists. There is a doubtful report that the following plan has been agreed on: Italy is to take possession of Rome; the Pope is to remain there until his death, when the temporal power of Popes will cease.

The Garibaldian forces are still menacing Rome; where they say an insurrection will soon break out.

It is denied that the American Minister demanded the release of Garabaldi, on the ground that he was an American citizen, but he asked the Government to show clemency.

Garibaldi has issued an address denouncing Ratazzi, the Italian Minister of War.

It is reported that Menotti, the son of General Garibaldi, has been arrested by the Italian Government. When last heard from, Menotti Garibaldi was entirely engaged in carrying out his father's plan for the invasion of the Roman territory.

At the last advices, the insurgents had occupied many places in the Roman territory, and intrenched themselves. The plan of the Garibaldian leaders seems to be to draw the soldiers away from Rome, and then give their friends in that city an opportunity to rise.

The Paris *Presse* says the Pope is wholly confident of the ability of his forces to successfully resist the straggling parties invading the Papal territory, but greatly fears that the Italian Government will order its troops to march upon Rome.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Fenian excitement still continues, and an outbreak is apprehended in the North of England. Extraordinary precautions have been taken by the military and police authorities.

Kelly, the Fenian, was buried in Dublin on Monday with a great demonstration.

Cable dates to the 8th from London, say that the Peabody statue in the city is to be executed by Story.

The pioneer vessels for the release of the British captives in Abyssinia have sailed.

The competition between the English and American safe manufacturers has resulted in the success of the latter. The jury declared S. E. Herring, of New York, the winner of the wager with the Chetwoods of England. The money will be given to a charity.

Advices have been received from Falmouth, stating that the steamship Circassian, from Bremen for New York, had put into that port with her machinery disabled, and will go into dock for repairs.

GERMANY.—In the Bavarian Diet, on Tuesday, Prince Hohenloe delivered a speech, favoring the Union of Bavaria with the North German Confederation, under the Presidency of the King of Prussia.

A despatch from Vienna, dated October 8th, says that the Emperor Francis Joseph refuses to change the Concordat.

FRANCE.—The *cadres* of the French army have been enlarged, but the effective force has not been increased. The Emperor contemplates many liberal reforms.

Achille Fould, the French financier and statesman, died in Paris on Sunday night, aged 67.

The arrangements are completed for a meeting between Napoleon and the King of Prussia at an early day in Baden.

CHINA.—Late advices from China report that a violent and destructive typhoon had visited the harbor of Hong Kong, causing great injury to the shipping. Vessels were driven ashore and became total wrecks, and others were badly damaged. The destruction of Chinese craft was very great.

A telegram received from Hong Kong, states the export of the new crop of tea, up to the 11th ult., reached 67,000,000 pounds.

PERU.—There has been another attempt in Peru to disturb the peace of the country. On the 11th of September a revolution was attempted in Arequipa, headed by Gutierres, Luna, Chocano, Mesias, Idoza, Pacheco, Willafuerte, and others. After a combat of twenty-two hours it was put down. The rebels burned the new Constitution, as well as the platform from which it had been proclaimed. The number of dead amounted to fifty, with many wounded.

Two boxes filled with needle guns, have been seized in Italy, supposed to be for the use of the rebels.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—By the latest advices from Nicaragua, we learn that the cholera has entirely disappeared from the towns near the Pacific coast, but some cases still existed at different points in the interior.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THE KNIGHT.

I was a brawny knight:
I had no fear of men;
I slew once without arms in fight
A lion in his den,
Far off in the bright Holy Land,
Where 'twas a joy to be,
Where dreamy wastes of desert sand
Ran down to violet sea.

Where Christ his holy sermon gave,
I rode in strength and pride,
Near to the Galilean wave,
Upon the mountain-side.
Ah! little of His words we recked,
When all day by the sea
The battle rolled, and reeled, and shrieked,
And thundered hideously.

I lie now in this vaulted aisle,
My arms across my breast;
I hear the voice of hymns meanwhile,
And take my hard-earned rest,
Till God shall come with trumpet-sound
And all His saints to me,
And rocks be rent, and graves unbound—
How long is it to be?

THE LADY.

I was the Lady of the Knight
Ye make your moan about;
Of all his great joy and delight,
I was perforce shut out.
Tears only and terror were my dower,
Upon my lonely bed,
Without him in the midnight hour,
And worse than widowed.

Then, after many weary years
Of waiting in my bower,
I had such lack of comforters,
I took a paramour.
I had been with him, sad and loath,
A few and evil days,
When my lord found and slew us both,
To his great name and praise.

I lie now in the outer ground,
Here in the common dust;
At length a respite I have found,
Among the peasants thrust,
Till God shall come with all His flocks
Of saints in Heaven to be,
And I shall call on hills and rocks
To fall and cover me.

Flies.

The naturalist recognizes many hundreds of kinds of flies in this country, but in our household economy we reduce them mainly to three sorts: House flies, biting flies and blue-bottle or blow flies. The latter is readily distinguished; the two former are, however, frequently confounded, although easily known apart by an acute observer. They may, however, always be identified at a glance by the position they assume on a wall. A common house fly almost invariably rests with its head downwards, and however it may alight, works its way around until this direction is assumed. The biting flies, on the contrary, as universally rest with the head pointing upwards, acting in this respect, precisely like the mosquito, equally blood-thirsty with itself. This observation, which, we believe, has not been in print before, was first made by a Russian serf. The brother of an eminent foreign entomologist, now residing in the United States, observed the man in question killing some of the flies on a wall of his hut, without disturbing others, and, on being questioned, he gave as a reason that those with the heads up were "biters," and the others were not. A careful examination of the facts by the entomologist himself, proved the accuracy of the generalizations made by an ignorant but unobservant peasant.

☞ The following is an extract from a highly appreciative notice of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, which took the medal at the Paris Exposition, in *La France*, in which it appears over the signature of M. ESCUDIER, one of the most eminent musical critics of Paris:—

"It would occupy more space than is at our disposal, to detail the numerous merits of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. However, to the summary appreciation of the qualities which place them in the first rank, we add in regard to their construction, they are considered by our artists and manufacturers as the perfection of mechanism—that in the combination of all the parts there is displayed a precision, skill, and comprehension of mechanical art beyond all criticism. It will be acknowledged that we obey the voice of conscience in declaring that the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs have well merited the attention and recompense of the International Jury."

☞ USELESS YOUNG MEN.—A movement has been set on foot to erect an asylum for useless young men. The only trouble which the "committee" fear will be insurmountable is that of getting the building large enough.

☞ A MAN WHO WOULD SUCCEED.—Martainville said of Rebec, the adventurous theatrical director, "If you were to make him the porter of a house he would soon become the proprietor."

Mrs. Lincoln's Means.

A contemporary makes the following statements, we know not how correctly:—"Mr. Lincoln's estate was appraised at $75,000, before the Congressional appropriation of $25,000 was made, and very few men in this country leave their families so well provided for as that. If not affluence, according to present notions, $100,000 at least constitutes a competence.

"It is now represented, however, that $23,000, the balance of the Congressional appropriation, after discharging certain obligations, was 'all the property that fell to Mrs. Lincoln,' except the house and lot in Springfield where the late President resided before his election. It is difficult to reconcile this statement with facts, when it is known that she purchased a house in Chicago for $18,000, filled it with costly furniture, including several thousand dollars' worth of pictures, and has since lived there in great state, keeping numerous servants, and sporting handsome carriages with coachmen and footmen in livery. There is either some mistake in the matter, or Mrs. Lincoln has been squandering the property of her children as well as her own in reckless extravagance. At all events, it is apparent that she has lived beyond her means, and if she is now involved in pecuniary embarrassments she has no one to blame but herself."

Doves.

Shakespeare has been often ridiculed for speaking of "dove's milk." But he was right; for there is such a thing. At the time of the young birds, both male and female parents fill their crops with corn, and holding it there a long time, it changes into a creamy fluid; when coming to their nests, they open their mouths, and the young are able to drink this "dove's milk" so provided; and this they are able to do because the orifice is shorter at this time than at others. Hence they become very fat, and are known as squabs. When it is time for them to be weaned, they are reluctant to leave and provide for themselves, and the parents are obliged repeatedly to push them from their nest. Then being obliged to live on other food, they quickly fall away; they get very poor, and are unfit for eating.

From the American Agriculturist, N. Y. City.

"The Great American Tea Company," 31 and 33 Vesey Street, advertised in our columns, though doing an immense business all over the country, has not even been complained of to us more than two or three times in as many years. On this account, as well as for other reasons we have previously stated, we believe general satisfaction is given to their customers. But stimulated by their success, several of the swindling fraternity have started or pretend to have started other "Tea Companies,"—some copying very nearly the advertisements, etc., of the old company. Some of these we know to be humbugs, (one was noted last month,) and as to others we have not evidence sufficient to warrant us in admitting their advertisements.

☞ Squire Cliff, of Vermont, lives up on the picturesque Onion river, (sometimes called the Winooski,) of whose scenery he is very proud. He is an entertaining companion, and, what they call, in the Western Reserve, "considerable of a man any way." The great defect about him is his breath, which is a little the worst a man ever drew. It is good not only to perfume a room, but a whole neighborhood. M. Moustier, the polite French minister, was travelling this summer on Lake Champlain, and Squire Cliff was introduced to him at Burlington as a gentleman well informed upon Vermont records and sceneries. "Marquis," said the Squire, drawing close, "for two and fifty years I have lived upon the Onion!" "Sare," replied the Frenchman, "I should think you lived on him one hundrade!"

☞ The cashier of a Mobile bank informed the directors that he wished to resign. He was supposed to be a poor man in the comparative sense—and they asked him if he could afford to resign. "Yes," said the cashier, "if I could not I would not." "How is that?" We thought you had nothing but your salary." "Gentlemen," said he, perfectly cool and frank, "I have used the money of the bank—used it liberally. I saw chances, made the best of them, and returned every dollar I took. I have enough now, and want to resign. Have the books examined; you will find everything straight. It may have been wrong to use your money; but there's nothing lost, and it's not worth your while to make any trouble." They did not make any trouble, and the lucky cashier is now a member of the best society—but he is a rascal nevertheless.

☞ THE BEST METHOD.—When, from sedentary habits, the muscles become emaciated and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight, is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an axe, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time. Try it.

☞ TO DRIVE OFF RATS.—We find the following going the rounds of our exchanges: "Take a bunch of matches and soak them over night in a teacupful of water; then take out the matches, and thicken the water with Indian meal to a thick dough, adding a spoonful of sugar and a little lard. Lay about the premises where the rats are and nothing else will get it. It is decidedly the best exterminator extant. Give it a trial."

☞ Wendell Phillips is out in an article upbraiding the Republicans for not taking stronger ground for negro suffrage, and saying *this* is the cause of their decreased majorities!

☞ A novel railway invention has been made by a Russian engineer. The object is to save the power gained in a descent now lost in the friction of the brakes, and use it in an ascent. To do this the engineer has attached to the locomotive two very heavy fly-wheels. Going down hill they act as a brake, and the force they gather will carry the train up an equal rise, less the friction.

☞ In an old Southern Patriot and Commercial Advertiser, published in Charleston in 1815, is a letter from General Andrew Jackson to Governor David R. Williams, in which he acknowledges that South Carolina is the State gave him birth. This sets at rest a question which has been disputed heretofore.

☞ The importance of the egg trade may be seen by the fact, that a dealer in Ithaca sent to New York, in two successive weeks, five hundred and forty barrels, containing eighty dozen each, and his shipments for the month exceeed half a million of eggs to New York alone.

☞ An Eastern paper gets off the following: "An editor never leaves any money at home for fear of fire, and never carries any with him for fear of robbers, nor deposits it in any bank for fear of speculating officials. His money generally is in the hands of his subscribers."

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: *"The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!"* Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, THE DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

DEAFNESS CURED.—DR. STILWELL'S ORGANIC VIBRATOR. It fits into the ear and is not perceptible, removes singing in the head, and enables deaf persons to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies.

A Treatise on Deafness, Catarrh, Consumption and Cancer: their causes, means of speedy relief and ultimate cure, by a pupil of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Sent free for 10 cents. Scrofulous diseases successfully treated. Dr. T. H. STILWELL, 21 East Washington Place, New York City, where all letters, to receive attention, must be addressed.

Dr. Stilwell, of New York, assisted by Dr. Perban, of the University of Vienna, will be professionally at 1022 Pine St., Philadelphia, Tuesday next 10 to 4. oct12-4t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT relieves and soothes the severest pain of Gout and Rheumatism; every vestige of inflammation is removed within a few hours of the first application. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exorcise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history. oct19-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM J. CANNING to Miss LUCRETIA J. JONES, both of this city.

On the 2nd of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. EDWARD CAREY to Miss JENNIE BARNES, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fenley, Mr. WILLIAM RAMSEY to Miss ELIZABETH BUCKLEY, both of this city.

On the 24th of Sept., by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. JOHN F. WARNER to Miss CARRIE BEST, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, Mr. SAMUEL BENTON to Miss HARRIET L. RAAB, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. R. Eddy, Mr. GEORGE SINGLEY to Miss ELIZA SLOOK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, MARIA L. TASKER, in her 80th year.

On the 8th instant, SARAH DIDWELL, in her 57th year.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL HOOD, in his 71st year.

On the 7th instant, MRS. MARTHA GRIMM, in her 77th year.

On the 7th instant, Capt. WILLIAM J. ASHE, aged 45 years.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES LUTZ, in his 38th year.

On the 6th instant, HENRY L. BOON, in his 51st year.

On the 8th instant, MRS. MARY HATTON, in her 71st year.

On the 8th instant, MR. CHARLES S. PORTER, aged 70 years.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been rather dull; 300 bbls of extra sold at from $8,50@9,50, 1000 bbls of northwest family at $10,50@11,50, and 6000 bbls in lots to the retailers and bakers at $7,50@8,50 for superfine, $8,50@10,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra, $10,50@12 for common to fancy northwest family, $11@13 for Penna and Ohio family and $13@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—200 bbls sold at from $8,50@9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. 15,000 bus of fair to prime red sold at $2,60@2,70; small lots of choice do at $2,75@2,80; 1200 bus of southern white at $2,90@2,95, and 1600 bus of California at $3,25 ₩ bus. Rye—3000 bus sold at $1,65@1,75 ₩ bus for western and Penna. Corn—Sales of 25,000 bus of western mixed at $1,42@1,50, and 20,000 bus of prime yellow at $1,45@1,50 ₩ bus. Oats—40,000 bus sold at from 70c up to 76c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS—The market has been very quiet. Pork commands $23,50 for Mess; $23 for prime do; and $22 for prime. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 20@22c. Sides are taken in lots at 17½@18c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Lard—Sales of 400 tcs and bbls at 14½@15c, and Kegs at 16@17c. Butter—Sales of old at 12@15c; new at 16@25c, and roll at 25@33c. Cheese—Sales at 13@15c. Eggs sell at 28@30c per doz.

COTTON—The market has been very dull; 500 bales of Middlings sold at 30@31c ₩ D for Uplands and New Orleans.

FRUIT—4000 lbs of Dried Apples sold at 7½@8c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8½@9c, and halves at 10½@11c ₩ lb. Dried Blackberries sell at 11½@12c. Pared Peaches range at from 14 to 16c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $7 ₩ bbl.

IRON—Foundry Iron is in fair demand; sales of 400 tons of No 1 at $44; small lots of No 2 at $40; and $38@38 for forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $45@45 ₩ ton. Blooms continue in fair demand; we quote at $100@105 ₩ ton. Manufactured Iron is firmly held.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 14@15 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6c ₩ lb. 2300 Hogs sold at from $9,50 to 11,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

The Home of the Gorilla.

Mr. Buckland's papers, entitled "Gorilla Stories," and "The Gorilla Hunter" gave ample details of the extraordinary adventures of Mr. du Chaillu, the explorer of the forests of Western Africa. It will be remembered that skepticism was expressed by some parlor naturalists as to the accuracy of some of Mr. du Chaillu's statements. This "traveller's stories" are now known in this, as in other scientific matters, to be substantially correct, though in some details he may have been misled by native reports. His recent book of travels in "Ashango Land"* amply confirms Mr. du Chaillu's reputation as a daring explorer and accurate observer. His final remarks about the gorilla will be read with interest.

"The natives of all the neighboring country were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high price for them, that many were stimulated to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident.

"One day as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the 'Cambria' (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. I had not long to wait; in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wrists bound to the upper part and the ankles to the lower, so that she could not reach to tear the cords with her teeth. It was dark, and the scene was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fiendish countenances of the Calibanish trio, one of them distorted by pain—for the mother gorilla was severely wounded—were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

"The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness, he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might; happily the chain was made fast, and I took care afterwards to keep out of his way. The old mother gorilla was in an unfortunate plight. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, besides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She groaned and roared many times during the night, probably from pain.

"I noticed next day, and on many occasions, that the vigorous young male, whenever he made a rush at any one and missed his aim, immediately ran back. This corresponds with what is known of the habits of the large males in their native woods: when attacked they make a furious rush at their enemy, break an arm or tear his bowels open, and then beat a retreat, leaving the victim to shift for himself.

"The wounded female died in the course of the next day; her moanings were more frequent in the morning, and they gradually became weaker as her life ebbed out. Her death was like that of a human being, and afflicted me more than I could have thought possible. Her child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. It groaned at night most piteously. I fed it on goat's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unconquerable dislike to the milk. It had, I think, begun to know me a little. As to the male, I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera towards him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

"I must now relate how these three animals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had come to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernand Vas, about thirty miles above my village. At this part a narrow promontory projects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the distinguished traveller Captain Burton, to show him a live gorilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected; for I had written to invite him whilst he was on a tour from his consulate at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast. A woman, belonging to a neighboring village, had told her people that she had seen two bands of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantain fields. The men resolved to go in chase of them, so they armed themselves with guns, axes, and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favorable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise in their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavors to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise.

"This incident led me to modify somewhat the opinions I had expressed, in 'Adventures in Equatorial Africa,' regarding some of the habits of the gorilla. I there said that I believed it impossible to capture an adult female alive, but I ought to have added, unless wounded. I have also satisfied myself that the gorilla is more gregarious than I formerly considered it to be; at least it is now clear that, at certain times of the year, it goes in bands more numerous than those I saw in my former journey. Then I never saw more than five together. I have myself seen, on my present expedition, two of these bands of gorillas, numbering eight or ten, and have had authentic accounts from the natives of other similar bands. It is true that, when gorillas become aged, they seem to be more solitary, and to live in pairs, or, as in the case of old males, quite alone. I have been assured by the negroes that solitary and aged gorillas are sometimes seen almost white; the hair becomes grizzled with age, and I have no doubt that the statement of their becoming occasionally white with extreme old age is quite correct.

"After reconsidering the whole subject, I am compelled also to state that I think it highly probable that gorillas, and not chimpanzees, as I was formerly inclined to think, were the animals seen and captured by the Carthagenians under Hanno, as related in the 'Periplus.'"

*"Ashango Land." By P. du Chaillu. John Murray.

Strauss, the Violinist.

FROM A LATE PARIS LETTER.

To-night we bid adieu to Johann Strauss, who will lead his marvellous cortege of waltzes to London. What an impression of joy and sympathy he has left among us! It is with great interest we read of his life and of his struggle for the art he loved so well. His father, the founder of this dynasty of musicians, desired that none of his children should follow the career that had led him to celebrity; for some reason or other, he wished to carry to the tomb the secret of the adorable waltzes which he shook from the end of his enchanted *baton*. But the talent was hereditary; and secretly, in spite of his father's opposition, young Strauss played and wrote, and conjured up a world of fairy dances. One day—it was the birthday of the elder Strauss—the poor little musician summoned up all his courage, and determined to tell his father the whole terrible truth.

"Father," said he, timidly, "I have imagined a surprise for your birthday."

Thereupon he seated himself at the piano and played a waltz of his own composition. A vigorous box on the ears was the reward of this filial attention, and young Strauss was turned out of doors, with the injunction not to reappear under the paternal roof until he had recovered from his madness. This was the signal of the violent and painful struggle between the two musicians. At eighteen young Strauss had formed a tolerably good orchestra, and became the declared rival of his father. His first waltzes had a wild success; the Viennese joyfully saluted the advent of this new Strauss, who promised to make their children dance as their fathers had danced to Strauss the elder. The rivalry became so hot through the wounded pride of the father that Johann exiled himself, and played through Hungary and Moldavia, where he met with unlimited success. He sometimes gained in one evening as much as two and three hundred ducats, which he would gaily spend during the night, and be as good-humored as ever the next morning.

When Johann's triumphs had lasted two years, Strauss I. died. I look longingly and in vain for an account of a reconciliation between the father and son, and of old Strauss relenting at his last moment, and giving into his successor's hands the *baton* he had so zealously guarded. But it was not to be so. The death of the petted musician was almost a national grief for the Viennese. But his own orchestra had already silently recognized the heir to his waltzes, and musicians went themselves to beg Johann to lead them henceforth to victory. With unanimous acclamations Strauss II. ascended the throne. At the opening of his first concert the oldest musician in the leaderless orchestra publicly presented to the young conductor his father's *baton*, and, with one voice, the three thousand Viennese who crowded the hall, cried: "Strauss is dead! Long live Strauss!" Since then all Young Europe has danced to King Strauss's music. But, in spite of his continual success, he hesitated long about coming to Paris, and when he at last ceded to the desire of his wife and friends, his first appearance at the Champ de Mars made him suffer terribly. His modesty is excessive, and he trembles like a schoolboy each time a new composition makes its *début*; but when the excitement of the moment mounts to his brain, when he rushes on at the head of his battallion, he becomes transformed. With sparkling eyes and energetic gestures he seizes his violin, directs his musicians with a glance, and, borne on by his own melodies, carries his orchestra with him with indescribable *entrain*. The musicians themselves catch his impetuosity, and sway to the undulations of the dance; and, from one end to the other of the room, the spectators jump on their chairs, and are tempted to say to their neighbors, "Will Madame do me the honor of dancing this polka with me?"

Singing.

It is related that a singing-master once asked Braham, the great English vocalist, to do him the kindness to hear a pupil of his, to whom he had given great attention, sing, stating, at the same time, that she had a wonderful voice, and had made extraordinary progress—could sing the most difficult music at sight, and was altogether a prodigy. The British Apollo appointed a time, and the master and pupil were punctual. "Now," said the former, "be so good, Mr. Braham, as to place what you may consider the most difficult thing to sing before this young lady, and you will find how she will conquer it." Braham walked to the piano-forte, and laid a book before her opened to *Luther's Hymn*. "There," said he, "let me hear you sing that." The young lady blushed; her music master seemed almost affronted at what he considered an insult; however, he bade his pupil sing it, which she did, most miserably out of time and tune. The girl's voice had been spoiled, for the sake of enabling her to grunt double F below, or squeal C in *alt.*, and her time had been mis-pent in attempting to acquire that which could never be of any use except to astonish, and be talked of as something wonderful. It is a common mistake to attempt to make pupils do *much*, rather than *well*. Young ladies are made to attempt songs which are only fit for finished artists. It is a greater and better thing to sing a simple song *well* than a difficult one *ill*.

☞ The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is over all the world a test of friendship."

AUTUMN.

It is a fair autumnal day,
The ground is strewn with yellow leaves;
The maple stems gleam bare and gray,
The grain is bound in golden sheaves;
Afar I hear the speckled quails
Pipe shrilly 'mid the stubble dry,
And muffled beats from busy flails
Within the barn near by.

The latest roses now are dead,
Their petals scattered far and wide,
The sumach berries, richly red,
Bedeck the lane on either side;
A dreamy calm is in the air—
A dreamy echo on the sea;
Ah, never was a day more fair
Than this, which blesses me!

I see the shocks of ripened corn—
The yellowed mosses on the roof,
The diamond dew-drops of the morn,
That string with gems the spider's woof;
An azure haze is hanging low,
About the outline of the hills,
And chanting sea-fowl southward go
From marshes, flats and kills.

For many years, the autumn brought
A solemn sadness to my soul—
It sombred e'en my lightest thought,
And on my gayest moments stole;
'Twas sad, yet sweet—a strange alloy
Of hope and sorrow intertwined—
This autumn brings me only joy,
No shadow haunts my mind.

And why is this? The dead leaves fall—
The blossoms wither as of old;
And winter comes, with snowy pall,
To wrap the earth so chill and cold;
The sea-fowl, strung athwart the sky,
Still chant their plaintive monotone—
And why, when leaves and blossoms die,
Should I feel joy alone?

Oh, ask me not—I must not tell;
I dare not all my heart disclose—
A fairy wove a magic spell
Around me, when decayed the rose;
Two gifts did fading summer bring—
Two symbols of unfading bliss—
Upon my finger glows a ring,
Upon my lips—a kiss!

Under the Lamps at Scarborough.

I.

I hardly know how I came to be at Scarborough at all, but there I was. I am an easy sort of man. I am afraid, indeed, that I have been easy, and, so to speak, the sport of circumstances all my life, and it has not been a very long one yet. At any rate, I found myself there, on a sweet September night, leaning over the wall of the Spa Promenade, and staring out seaward. Behind me, the lamps were only just lighted, but I had seen that the amphitheatre seats were occupied, and by the increase of rustling, and footsteps behind, I know that the promenade was filling.

Still I stared out seaward, listened to the slush of the waves in the bay, and thought how much rougher and grander they would be on the other side of the Castle Cliff.

"I wonder what I came for?" I said to myself. "I don't know a soul here except the Nugents, and they will think I followed them, and then—"

"So you did follow us, after all, Robert?"

I confess that my start was more violent than the calm, ladylike tones seemed to warrant; the fulfillment of my prognostication came upon me so suddenly. It was my aunt, Lady Nugent, who spoke, and with her there was her daughter, my cousin Cecile, commonly called Cis, whom I had an uneasy presentiment that I was one day destined to marry.

"How are you, aunt? Good evening, Cis," I stammered, facing round. "No, I don't know that I followed you exactly; but—I am here, you see. How do you like it?"

"We have been here so often, Cis and I," said Lady Nugent, with a little shrug; "but 'tis a charming place. And then the flowers are so beautiful, and the music,—I always think there is something in the music, and the lights, and the—ah—dim sound of the waves, that touches one's tenderest feelings."

I believe I muttered internally, "Claptrap!" but visibly I assented, with a sickly smile: for you see I was a little afraid of Lady Nugent,—afraid of her at all times, but especially so when she did the sentimental. She seemed, in a metaphorical sort of way, to have her paw upon me.

There was not, and never had been, anything approaching to an engagement between Cecile and myself. In the days gone by we had flirted a little, and been a little silly,—perhaps very silly,—but that was over. At least, I thought so. Six months ago, however, when I came into my property, and became Nugent of Nugent, my natural feelings of satisfaction were damped in a very sudden and unlooked-for manner by my aunt's proceedings.

It is rather a pleasant thing to find yourself a man of property, independent, unfettered; the world all before you, and the future, with its nameless hopes and possibilities, a book just opened, with its brightest pages unread. Under such circumstances a young man will dream and his dreams will be sweet to him. He will not relish, any more than I did, the sudden waking up to find, as it were, a lasso thrown about him, and his fate settled. Not that my aunt had any hold upon me at all in reality, but then she behaved as if she had. Cecile and I were treated with a sort of mysterious petting. It was inferred that there was a secret understanding between us, which must be respected; we were not subject to ordinary laws at all. Little *tetes-a-tetes* were planned for us; and others besides my aunt soon began to take it for granted that it was a "case," as people say, between us. For myself, no poor doomed creature before a rattlesnake could have been more helpless. It may seem weak, but I call any young fellow of my age and temperament to testify to the power of a clever woman when she wills a thing. As for Cecile, she used to laugh and say, "Poor mamma cannot realize that we have done with our toys, Robert. You don't mind it, do you?"

"Mind what?" I would ask.

"Mamma forgets," Cecile would say, looking hard at me, "that while I am a woman, you, being the same age in years, are yet a boy."

And then I would be piqued, and—well, say silly things to prove that I was a man indeed, and manly.

The worst of all was, that I believe Cecile really cared for me. I could have been very fond of her as a brother, but nothing more. My hand was passive, if hers touched it; her voice, even when it uttered my own name, sent no thrill through my heart; her presence was comparatively indifferent to me; and yet here I was, drifting away along the path to which Lady Nugent pointed, making, at times, feeble efforts to break away, but feeling that, eventually, I was doomed.

When the Nugents left London for Scarborough, and my aunt said to me, with unpleasant playfulness, "Well, if you don't follow us, I shall come back and fetch you," I felt helplessly that she would do as she said, and so I followed. I would rather have gone down to Nugent, quiet as it was, or even have stayed in town to be worried by the lawyers about leases, back rents, conveyances, and all the rest of it; but I could not, and there I was.

"Don't you think so?" said my aunt.

"Don't I think,—I beg your pardon," I said. "Don't I think what?"

Lady Nugent tapped me on the shoulder good-humoredly, with a significant half-glance at Cecile.

"Moonstruck, Robert?" said she. "Well, come and see us to-morrow. We are at Londesborough Terrace, Providence Villa. Hideous name, isn't it? and not quite the most fashionable part, either. But economy must be considered, you know." Cecile gave me an absent little nod, and two pale kid fingers, and they passed on. I did not offer to join them.

Oddly enough, that last phrase of my aunt's lingered with me, and kept repeating itself with a certain pathos, "Economy must be considered, you know." Yes, I did know it. They had very little to live upon. The wonder was how they contrived to live at all, and keep up the appearance they did. After all, was she very much to blame for wishing to secure a comfortable establishment for her daughter? And then I wondered whether it might be possible that, for a certain sum per annum, Lady Nugent would let me off. And here—the little rows of twinkling gas jets in the bands' pavilion having sprung up long ago, and the chandelier glittering inside—there came a crash of brass instruments, followed by the softest and sweetest of Gounod's "Arias."

Ah, well, did it matter much, after all, how my life was settled? Was it worth while struggling about it? All those dreams of mine were myths,—something that comes in the springtide of youth when the imagination overflows; something dreamed of in all men's lives, but never realized.

Cecile was fond of me; I had no dislike to her. I would be good to her of course; we might get on as well as other couples did. Down at Nugent there would be for me the estate to see after, to say nothing of hunting, shooting, and fishing. O, no doubt we might do very well without the enchanted light that came only in visions. If I could have had the light, so much the better; but perhaps no one ever did have it in reality.

As I thought thus, something—a little faint cry I thought it was—made me turn sharply to my right. I saw at first only a perambulator, with a pale, childish face looking anxiously over the side, and then I was aware of a dog, a little bigger than a respectable rat, limping about amongst the legs that thronged the promenade.

"The wheel has gone over it," said the voice belonging to the childish face. "O, please, Robert!"

"I don't know whether I was idiot enough to take this plaintive "Robert" to myself, instead of applying it to the lad who propelled the perambulator; anyhow, I dived at once after the little animal, picked it up and restored it. I was thanked; not by the childish face, but by one bending down over it; a face older, with more color in the cheeks, with blue-gray eyes, and masses of sunny hair drawn away from it,—not into the padded abortion which is so general, but into a coil of shining plaits, beautiful to look upon.

I was thanked, I say, by a face and voice such as I thought I had never looked upon or heard before; and as I raised my hat and drew back, my eyes met Lady Nugent's in her downward walk, and my heart sank.

II.

"'Tis jolly up here, isn't it? Enough to make a man wish life was all sea-side and sunshine."

I lay on top of the Castle Cliff with a cigar in my mouth, and my friend Charlie Ferrars was perched on the turf beside me, holding his chin in his hands, and looking, to say the truth, rather discontented than otherwise. Why he did so, I didn't know. Below us there was the sea, sleeping in a golden haze, out of which the sails shone like little immovable white dots in the distance. There was not a cloud in the sky; and the sound of the waves, if indeed it reached us at all, reached us, as Lady Nugent said, "dimly."

O, those waves!—the delight of the sun glancing gold upon them; the pleasure of the walk to the North Cliff, down the wooden steps and among the sand to the machines; —the forlorn grandeur of being, as it were, put off to sea, and left there; the white rolls of foam dashing themselves against the wheels of your machine till it trembles again, and only the great waste of waters glittering before your open door;—then the plunge that puts life into you, and makes you feel as if you had no body, to speak of,—that is, until breakfast time!

But I couldn't be poetical about all this to Charlie Ferrars up on the Castle Cliff, where we had met by the merest chance, and where he appeared to me to be doing anything but enjoying himself; I couldn't, for the life of me, tell why.

"They say a man pitched himself over here the other day," said Charlie, suddenly.

"Did he?" said I. "Poor beggar! In debt, perhaps?"

Charlie took his chin out of his hands, and replied, gloomily, "There are other things that may make a man desperate. But what do you know about debt,—a lucky chap like you?"

Something in his tone made me raise myself on one elbow to look at him, but he had turned his face away. If I had known then what was the matter with him, I think I should have put my arms round his neck and hugged him; but I didn't know, and so I blundered.

"Charlie, old boy, there's something wrong," said I. "I've more money than I know what to do with; it would be a charity—"

He broke into a constrained sort of laugh.

"Thanks, Bob," said he (I grieve to say that my old school-chums will call me Bob); "but it isn't that. Sometimes I wish it was. However, never mind. It's odd we didn't meet before, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," said I. "But, you see, the Nugents are here, and my aunt likes attention, and I've been with them a good deal. We steamed over to Filey the other day. By-the-by, you know them, don't you?"

"A little," he replied.

"A good thought, by Jove," said I. "I'll take you to call to-day."

"My train starts at 1.30," was the grim response. "Thanks, all the same. I came down for a few days on business; can't spare any more time; and I mustn't stay dawdling here any longer, either; so good by, old fellow. Meet you in town some time."

I shook hands indifferently enough, and after he was gone, I reproached myself for it. But then I was preoccupied, and impatient of anything that disturbed me. The world had changed with me since the evening I leaned over the sea-wall and wondered what I had come to Scarborough for. The train of thought that had been disturbed then by a stupid little toy terrier seemed very far back in the past now, very absurd and impossible, altogether not worth remembering.

I don't think my aunt and Cecile knew why I was so punctual at the evening promenade, nor why, at a certain moment, my attention would wander, in spite of myself, and my steps involuntarily turn in one direction. It was no harm; I only wanted to see her; so I said to myself. There can be nothing wrong in looking at a beautiful picture; and she could never be anything more to me, since was I not already appropriated?

The sentence was very bitter to me now; I had lost all my passive submission to my fate. At times, indeed, the elements of strong rebellion rose up within me, and I said to myself that I would be free; but the next moment there would come the consciousness of Lady Nugent's voice in my ear and a paw figuratively upon my shoulder. Meantime, I only wanted to see *her*, to be from time to time a little nearer to this beautiful, unpainted picture, which there was no harm in looking at, which I saw in my dreams and when I awoke from them, which I never utterly lost, even when Lady Nugent and my cousin were with me. Who was she? Where did she come from? Were her friends rich? I hardly know why, but I thought not; I rather preferred that they should not be. And yet, after all, what could it matter to me?

This was how I came back with a sigh to the actual position of affairs—to find myself turning unwillingly from the open promenade into the Spa Concert Room, with my cousin Cecile and Lady Nugent. I dare say the concert was very fine that night: Cecile said it was. I only knew that I had not the least idea what it was all about, and that when everybody was waiting in intense expectation for the appearance of the great star of the evening, it suddenly struck me, with a sharp pang, "Suppose they are gone away altogether!"

I looked at Lady Nugent; she was calm and pale, waiting; so was Cecile, so was everybody—waiting as though life depended upon a few shakes and trills, and runs half a note higher than any reasonable voice could go. How hot I was!—how suddenly impressed with the nothingness and inconsequence of the whole affair! My picture! my precious, unpainted portrait! if that slipped away from me, I saw, as I had never seen before, how terrible a blank it would leave behind.

"'Tis close here," I said to Cecile, "awfully close. I wonder how you bear it."

"Is it?" she said. "Perhaps so; but hush, Robert, she is coming on."

"Excuse me for five minutes," I whispered; "my head aches."

Cecile just looked at me, raised her eyebrows in wonder at my want of taste, but did not speak, and the next moment I was out on the almost deserted promenade, with the cool salt breeze on my forehead, the stars beginning to come out overhead, and the moon struggling from behind a cloud to throw down a long silver line across the water to its edge; and there, near the little pavilion, which had no band in it to-night, I saw the perambulator, the same lad propelling it, my picture, and close beside her, tall, black-coated, spectacled—I drew a long breath.

The stars seemed to have come down, and got into my eyes; the lamps danced into each other, like will-o'-the-wisps gone mad; and the few occupiers of the seat under the colonnade became a confused mass of dingy color. In another moment I was shaking hands vigorously with the Rev. Richard Penryn, Vicar of Nugent, blessing my memory, which never lost a face once seen, and explaining to the perplexed clergyman my claims upon his recollection.

"To be sure," he said at last; "our new squire. I'm stupid and near-sighted, and I didn't remember you at all. And when are we to have the pleasure,—but I forgot. Mr. Nugent, this is my daughter, Constance, and this poor little weakling—"

"You are very rude, papa," broke in the childish voice I remembered so well. "I am not a weakling. I'm strong enough now, if Constance would let me walk, but she won't. And I know Mr. Nugent quite well; he picked up Topsy for me. My name is Letty, Mr. Nugent, and papa has no right to call me Gypsy, as I dare say you'll hear him do."

There was a laugh at this long speech. I don't very well know whether I joined or not. I don't know indeed exactly what I did, or said, or thought, or how the time went. I know that once Mr. Penryn said something about the bay, that we turned to look at it; and that far away, a black spot in the ripple of moonlight, there was a fisherman's boat with a single light in it, which gleamed red against the silver. We could even see the fisherman in his boat, motionless; and it seemed to me as if in some way this also had got into my picture, and I could never forget it.

"It is so quiet here," said the vicar's daughter, in answer to my stupid remark

that I had hardly expected to see them out.

"Then you don't care for a gay promenade?" said I.

"Indeed but I do," she replied. "I like the music and the lights, and to look at all the people—"

"And the gossamer dresses," put in the vicar. "'Tis a fine place for that sort of thing, which we don't get much of down at Nugent. We are a little out of the world down there, eh, Constance?"

Out of the world! Somehow there came upon me a rustling of soft wind amongst the Nugent beeches; the sun shining over a green lawn; lights and shadows over distant woods; a river, and blue hills beyond. Here was a setting for my picture.

"I think I should like to be out of the world," I said. "At least I mean to go down to Nugent as soon as,—that is, you are not going home yet, Mr. Penryn?"

"Not to Nugent," said the vicar, "but to the North Cliff. Terribly unfashionable, I suppose, but it is better for the gypsy here; and besides 'tis less expensive. There is a concert in there, I believe," he added, stopping suddenly. "Some one told us so."

The words roused me into a guilty consciousness that my five minutes had grown into half an hour, if not more.

"I am obliged to go," I said, hurriedly. "But I know no one in Scarborough; that is, scarcely any one. It would be a charity if—May I call upon you to-morrow?"

"And welcome," replied the vicar, calmly, "if you will take the trouble. Here is the address. Good night."

"What have you been doing?" asked Lady Nugent, as I took my place. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

They were both looking at me curiously—Lady Nugent slightly unquiet and searching; and a spirit of malice came upon me.

"I have just met with the Vicar of Nugent and his daughters," I retorted, bravely. "We walked about under the lamps, and I suppose I'm dazzled a bit; that's all."

III.

I was holding silk for Constance Penryn to wind; Gypsy was dressing up Topsy in a red shawl, much to his discomfort, and Mr. Penryn wrote or tried to write at a sidetable.

"I don't believe it, sir," said Letty. "I don't believe (be quiet, Top!) that you ever wound silk before in your life; and I dare say it won't be fit to use. But you are so conceited. You know you thought I meant you when I called Robert to pick up Topsy. You think everybody must be thinking of you."

I laughed, and the vicar just murmured a word or two of remonstrance; but he was busy.

You see it had come to this with me. Lady Nugent never knew where my mornings were spent. She was suspicious, I knew. She would have watched me if she could, but that was not possible; and in this case I was a match for her cross-questioning.

"Wait till we get to Nugent," I said to the small owner of the red shawl. "We shall see if you dare to call me names there, where 'I am monarch of all I survey.'"

"Of course I shall," she replied. And you won't be monarch of all you survey, either. But, Mr. Nugent,—by the way, I have a great mind to call you Robert."

"Do," said I.

"It would be fun," said she. "What would they think at Nugent? You really mean to come there?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"For good?" she asked.

"Well," said I, "I hope not for very bad."

"You know what I mean, sir," said Letty—"to settle down."

"Yes, to settle down," said I.

"We want a resident squire dreadfully," said the young lady, with great gravity; "papa says so; but then papa has an eye to subscriptions, and flannel, and good stuff of all sorts for the poor people. Now I (observe the difference!) simply think that perhaps you will let me go into the park whenever I like, just as if it were my own."

"Exactly," said I.

"And all over the picture-gallery," she continued, "and the drawing-rooms, and—"

"To the very store-rooms, if you like, in spite of cross old housekeepers," I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Crane is not a cross old housekeeper," said Letty, indignantly. "She's a beautiful old lady, in black silk. Isn't it nice always to wear black silk?—and a white lace cap? She's a great deal more dignified than you are.

"Very likely," said I. "I'll tell you what more you shall do at Nugent. Should you like to go on the river in a boat?"

"I should think so,—rather," said Letty.

"Very well," said I, "I'll have one built—a real 'clipper;' and there shall be crimson cushions for it; and we'll call it The Gypsy, in honor of you. What do you say?"

Letty had come up close to me by this time, and was looking at me with an eagerness that had something almost painful in it, while the poor little terrier stared wistfully out of his crimson wrapper, and uttered a faint yelp of remonstrance.

"You are choking him, Gyp," said Constance.

"That shows how much you know about it," was the retort. "But, Mr. Nugent, do you mean it really?"

"Yes, really," I replied.

"Then I'll tell you what," said Letty; "you are the very nicest man I ever knew. Shall we get as far as the old Priory, do you think, and Norven Wood?"

"I don't see why not," I replied.

"And Constance there never says a word," continued Letty. "But perhaps you don't mean to take her?"

Involuntarily I looked at the face opposite me; and somehow the silk got tangled. I had to give it up from my clumsy fingers, to say a few stupid words of apology, and then to find by my watch that it was time to go.

"And I haven't heard half about the bronzes, Gypsy, nor about the yellow drawing-room at the Hall that you are to help me to alter," said I. "Never mind; I shall see you to-night."

"That's no use, even if we go," retorted Letty, promptly; "which, perhaps, we shall not do. You will be with Lady Nugent and your cousin, then. I wonder if you are very fond of Miss Nugent. I know papa thinks—"

"Letty," called out the vicar, rather sharply, "you are an incorrigible chatterbox; I shall have to shut you up. Going, Mr. Nugent? Good-by. We shall see you soon, perhaps, down at the Hall."

"The Hall?" said I. "You are not going home?"

"Yes, to-morrow," he replied. "I have been three Sundays away already; and this gypsy of mine is getting all right now; so there's no excuse for staying. Good-by."

I went away with a strange sort of sensation of having the ground cut from under my feet, thoroughly bewildered and miserable. Hitherto I had been in a dream, cheating myself from time to time into a belief that it was real; now I had got to wake up. I knew that I was going to Providence Villa, and should need all my self-possession. And yet behind me lay the romance, the very existence of which I had persuaded myself only a month ago was a myth; before me—

I tried to think it out. I could see again the eager little face,—not so pinched now as it was when I saw it first—and hear the childish voice say, "I wonder if you are very fond of her. I know papa thinks—"

What was it that the vicar thought? Did Constance know? Did she think it too? And, if so, how did it affect her? I began to form desperate resolutions in my impatience. Because I had been foolish and weak once, there was surely no necessity that my whole life should be sacrificed. Lady Nugent was nothing to me in such a case as this. A little while ago, it is true, I had suffered myself to drift sluggishly on in the way she wished me to drift; but I was ignorant then. I knew better now. Things were altogether different with me. I would brave my aunt; I would tell Cecile—

At this point I stopped. The face of my cousin came and looked at me from beside that other one in my unpainted picture. It was not exactly like it used to be; it had a worn look, an absent, worried expression in the eyes; and her manner to me was changed. It was impatient and pettish. In spite of my preoccupation I had noticed this, and wondered. What if Cecile did care for me after all in real earnest!

It was useless to say to myself, "I can't help it; it is not my fault;" because to a certain extent it was my fault. Lady Nugent had paraded us before the world as lovers, and I had idly accepted the position. I was to blame.

As I rang the bell at Providence Villa, I felt in myself that I was wretched; and I felt also that, from a woman like my aunt, no quarter was to be expected. I felt this still more strongly when I went into the drawing-room and saw her sitting in a chair at the window, with her work fallen idly upon her lap.

Lady Nugent was too busy a woman to like idleness; something her fingers must do to keep up a sort of accompaniment to the thoughts which she was forever turning over in her brain. It was ominous, therefore, to see her this evening with those same rapid fingers tightly interlaced, while the lips that opened to speak to me seemed thinner and sterner than ever.

"You are come to walk with us, Robert, I suppose?" said she. "It is early yet; but, perhaps, Cecile will not go; and if so, I shall not leave her."

"Not go?" I stammered. "Why?"

"She has a headache," replied my aunt, briefly.

"I am sorry," said I. "Cis is not given to headaches."

"No, she is not; but Cecile has not been well lately; something is wrong. I don't know whether you know what it is," said my aunt, severely; "but I do not. You might have noticed her paleness; but I dare say you haven't. I suppose a mother's eye is the keenest, although one would have thought—"

She broke off abruptly, still looking at me with a sort of contemptuous questioning, and I was obliged to confess that I had thought Cecile was looking ill.

"Exactly, Robert; she does look ill," said my aunt. "She frightened me last night, and I do not easily take fright. If you two have had any foolish quarrel—but there, I must leave you to settle that for yourselves; only, if you can persuade Cecile to go out to-night, instead of moping at home, I think it would be better for her. It is useless for me to speak, I know; but she will listen to you."

This was pleasant. I heard the retreating footsteps, and could have stamped my own foot at them in despair. I had a horrible conviction that a crisis must come—nay, had come already; and how was I to meet it? If I could have gone up to Cecile, and spoken to her calmly; if I could have said, "Let all this farce be ended; I do not love you; I never did love you, except as a brother might love his sister!" But then I could not do this. If she cared for me, it would be brutal to do so.

I heard Cecile come in and close the door, and I confess that my heart beat uncomfortably.

"Robert," said she.

I turned round with as good an affectation of carelessness as I could command, but it broke down into an impulsive exclamation when I saw her.

"Why, Cis," said I, "you have been crying!"

She tried a retort, but it was rather a failure.

"You have been crying," I repeated, "and I don't believe you are well. We are cousins, you know, Cis. Is there anything I can help you in?"

"Yes, there is," she replied: "I want to speak to you, Robert. We have been good friends always, haven't we?"

"To be sure we have," said I.

"I want to be good friends still," said Cecile. "I want you to promise that you will think none the worse of me for what I am going to say."

"I think," I said, gravely, "that you can have nothing to tell which would lessen my respect for you."

"Thanks," said Cecile. "It is about myself. We are neither of us blind, Robert, though we have been acting as if we thought each other so. You know as well as I do what has been, and what is, in my mother's mind respecting us. Must I speak plainer?"

"No," said I.

"Well then, Robert," she continued, "I don't think you have dealt quite fairly by me."

I felt as if a big hand was rising up behind the airy castle I had been building only an hour ago, but I did not answer.

"You know you never cared for me," she said; "at least in that sort of way. If you will not speak, Robert, I must."

The hand got nearer and bigger.

"But you have behaved as if you cared," she continued. "You have led mamma on to believe that things were turning as she wished them to turn. By fits and starts, in a languid sort of way, you have tried to make me care for you, Robert; you cannot deny it."

A sparkle of excitement had risen to her eye, and the traces of tears were all gone.

"Well, Cis—"

"Don't say anything yet," she interrupted. "I repeat, you have not dealt fairly by me. A girl cannot refuse or accept a man until he has offered himself, can she? In plain words, you would neither retreat nor come forward, and what was I to do? If ever I seemed to draw you on—"

"Which you did," said I.

"Which perhaps I did," said Cecile. "I cannot tell. If I did, it was in order that you might ask for your answer, and get it, Robert. You have made me very unhappy, Robert."

I felt my heart leap up into my throat, and my brain grow hot. What was coming next?

"Now, for the truth," said Cecile.

"Stop one moment, Cecile," said I. "Let me tell you—"

"I will let you tell me nothing yet," she interrupted. "Robert, I am engaged to Charlie Ferrars. Do you think that while you are acting as you do now, mamma will listen to one word about him."

In the new light that dawned upon me, I think I was nearer falling in love with Cecile than ever I had been in my life.

"Charlie Ferrars!" I cried; "and he came down here to plead his cause with my aunt; and she told him she had other views for you, eh? Wouldn't let him see you, perhaps; so that was why he had an idea of throwing himself over the Castle Cliff. I see it all. Oh, Cis!"

"You are not vexed with me?" said Cecile.

"Vexed!" said I. "If you could only know what it is to me! So I am to draw back for Charlie, and all the onus is to fall upon me? I am to pretend that I won't have you?"

"Robert!" she exclaimed.

"Do you really love him, Cis?" said I. "He is the best fellow in the world."

I began searching about for my hat, which was in my left hand all the time.

"What are you doing, Robert?" she asked.

"I thought you would help me."

"So I mean to—so I will," I replied. "Go to the promenade, Cis; you must. Tell my aunt I am to meet you. I will do that anyhow; only don't keep me now."

In less than half an hour I was out on the balcony of Mr. Penryn's lodging, and Constance was with me—very close to me; I might even confess that my arm was round her. And casual passers-by could look up if they chose; they could see nothing for the heavy curtain over the window behind us. Even if they could have seen, I don't think, in my then state of mind, that I should have cared; and Constance was saying, "But you never mean that? You could not have had the heart to stay away from Nugent."

"But I should, though," said I. "If you had said anything else, I would never have gone near the place. Are you sure that I am quite awake—that 't is a real 'you' I have here, or only a dream?"

"Do I look like a dream?" she asked.

"Yes, you do, very," I replied. "I can hardly believe you are not one. Why do you move away? I don't want to go. I am content. The world has been very good to me to-night."

"But, Robert, you said—"

"Ah, poor Cecile!" said I. "And you won't mind helping her, for my sake? Come, then."

* * * * *

Once more under the lamps on the promenade. The band was playing; the seats under the colonade were full, and, passing along by the sea-wall, I saw the fisherman's boat in the ripple of the moonlight, just as though he had never stirred from his post, but stayed there to see the end. And there, among the upward stream of people came my aunt and Cecile, Lady Nugent, pale, stern, displeased; Cecile with her head bent down. My heart gave me one great throb of anticipation; then I drew the little hand within my arm tighter, and went forward boldly. I saw my aunt's eye fall upon me—upon us, rather. I saw the little start which she could not repress, the sudden, haughty questioning, and drawing herself up. Then I spoke.

"Aunt," said I, "let me introduce Miss Penryn, the daughter of our vicar at Nugent. Constance, this is Lady Nugent, my aunt."

The color that was so seldom there, flashed red over Lady Nugent's cheeks; one single withering look fell upon me, and then all sign of emotion was gone, and she was making her little cold, matter-of-fact speech to my future wife—accepting the position. She was a clever woman. But, better than this, I had caught a glance from Cecile, strangely bright. I had seen the hand-clasp with which she greeted Constance, and vague pictures of future meetings at Nugent for us all began to flit before me. I might have tried to catch what the two girls were talking about; but I was busy giving my aunt a summary of Charlie Ferrars's prospects, which grew very fair under my handling, and claiming my right, as Cecile's nearest male relative, of giving to her a marriage portion.

Perhaps Cecile heard Charlie's name, and was wicked enough to listen. I don't know. At any rate, when I bade them good night, and good-by—for of course I was going to Nugent with the Penryns—Cecile lingered a little behind the others, and came up close to me.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Robert," said she. "If I said anything hard to you this evening, forget it. I hope you'll be as happy as I am."

☞ Chloroform was discovered about thirty-five years ago, and almost at the same time in Europe and America, by distilling a mixture of alcohol and chloride of lime, and subsequently rectifying the product.

Female Spies.

The Union females frequently made incursions through the lines, and penetrated the depths of the Confederacy, gaining important information regarding the movements of the enemy, etc. Of these the most daring was a handsome young actress, who had been a great favorite at Wood's Theatre in Louisville. She has since, we understand, published a yellow-covered history of her operations in the Confederacy. But the most interesting part of it has never been written. It was the manner in which she was engaged as a spy, and the cunning plan by which she was delivered through the lines to the Confederates as an "enemy" to the Union. If we mistake not, she was playing a part in the "Seven Sisters," when it occurred to the Provost Marshal that she would be just the "trick" for a spy. It was accordingly proposed to her, and she "accepted the situation in good faith," agreeing to abide by and follow out the instructions laid down. In one of the scenes a banquet occurs, at which each of the performers gave a toast, in which they aimed to make a "local hit." It was understood that this actress should advance to the footlights and drink "the health of Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy," when she was to be instantaneously arrested by the Provost Marshall, who was on hand with his guard for that purpose. The programme was carried out to the letter, and the result was a great sensation. The audience in their bewilderment could scarcely believe their ears, eyes or senses, and as she was a favorite on the Louisville boards, the sympathy for the supposed rash young lady was deep and earnest, although her friends were powerless to help her, or save their pet from the impending doom.

On the following day this incident (not set down in the programme,) was the topic of conversation, and many were the expressions of sympathy for this act of madness in the very teeth of the blue-coats and bristling bayonets. It will be recollected that at that time the theatres were under the supervision of a provost guard, who were ready to "snatch" the first one who committed, by act or word a breach of loyalty. The newspapers recorded the arrest of the fair actress, and in due time it was announced that she was to be sent through the lines for disloyalty to the government. This was considered a lenient sentence, but it was generally supposed that she was deemed a monomaniac, by the military authorities. Of course, no persons but himself and two or three of the military were supposed to be in the secret, or had any idea that it was all premeditated on their part.

When the day for her departure arrived, she was conducted to the outposts with the usual baggage allowed in such cases in which were stowed away copies of the papers containing accounts of the affair. The guards who conducted her to the line of Dixie were no doubt in total ignorance of the fact that she was on her mission as a Federal spy.

The ruse succeeded admirably, and she had scarcely penetrated the Confederate lines until the much-abused young lady was received with open arms by a detachment of the "enemy" as a martyr to their cause. Her career in the South with the armies of Generals Bragg, Morgan and others, and her triumphant reception on the Richmond boards as the persecuted actress of the North, together with her subsequent detection, conviction, and sentence of death as a Federal spy, are all matters of yellow-covered history. She was rescued from prison at the fall of Murfreesboro', when the Federals took possession, and sent to Nashville, where she had a big reception and received some handsome presents from those who appreciated her trials and faithfulness to the Union cause. The government afterward commissioned her as a major, and for aught we know she wears the rank to-day and receives pay, though we have not heard of her ever having been assigned to the command of any department. The last account we had of her she was one of the attractions at a New York theatre. Here ended the first chapter of the operations of Federal spies in this city during the war.—*Louisville Courier.*

An Elephant Story.

An elephant dealer, by name Buxoo, was travelling from Sylhet to Northern India with a string of elephants for sale. When he arrived at Hurdwarf, where the Ganges flows down from the mountains into the plains of Hindostan, it was the time of the great "mela," or annual fair, when the Hindoos come in myriads to bathe in their sacred stream. This is the time when elephant merchants from the South, horse-dealers from Cabol, Cutch and Katwar, the sellers of camels from Central India, and bullock-drivers from Hissar and Delhi, bring their animals for sale.

Buxoo soon found customers for five out of six of his animals. The sixth, for some reasons best known to Buxoo and others skilled in elephants, remained unsold. The last and greatest day of the fair came, and our merchant was in a state of the utmost anxiety lest he should have this one elephant left upon his hands. At the moment when the fair became busy up came a villager, who began a close investigation of the elephant. Buxoo became more than ever uneasy.

"Soono Bhai," said he; that is, "listen, my brother. I can see you are a judge of elephants. Now, say nothing to hinder the sale of mine; I mean to ask only five hundred rupees, and you shall have fifty for yourself."

The villager assented. Presently a purchaser was found, and the fifty rupees honestly paid over to this "judge of elephants." As he was quietly putting the fifty rupees into the folds of his cummerbund, (or waist-cloth,) Buxoo put the following question:

"Tell me, friend, by what art you found out that there was anything amiss with my elephant? I thought I had got him up well for sale."

"Sir," said the judge of elephants, putting a finishing hitch to the knot which held his rupees, "to tell you the truth this is the first elephant I ever saw, and I was trying to find out which was his head and which was his tail!"

☞ When a sportsman fires into a covey of partridges he makes them all quail.

"WHOM I LOVED THE BEST."

Brothers five under one roof tree—
Trusty, loving, and blythe were we
For many a year. But there came the days,
When the brothers must go on their parted ways;
Some to the east, some to the west—
So young birds fly from their mother's nest!
Now and again still I meet the rest;
But the winds are sweeping from east to west,
Over his grave whom I loved the best!

Once I could boast of a troop of friends—
A broken circle when fond youth ends!
Love and ambition men's hearts divide—
Their wills are restless, the world is wide.
East and west and south and north,
To life's grim battle the friends went forth.
Now and again still I meet the rest;
But the waves are rolling from east to west,
Over his grave whom I loved the best!

Among a bevy of maidens gay
I flung my youth's fairy wealth away.
Blonde or brunette, they all seemed fair—
One had an angel's golden hair!
Lovers wooed them from north and south—
There's many a slip betwixt cup and mouth!
Wedded, widowed, I meet the rest;
But the stars are sailing from east to west,
Over her grave whom I loved the best!

EVELYN FORREST.

MARRIED WELL.

CHAPTER X.

COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

Mrs. Platt could not stay to dinner at the Grimshaws', and so Nelly's first evening was a great trial. She made progress with Mr. Grimshaw, but in the same proportion she fell out of Mrs. Grimshaw's good graces. Mrs. Grimshaw had been in the habit of reading the Times every evening to her spouse: she didn't like it; but still, when Nelly had volunteered to take her place, and had read so fluently, and musically, and distinctly that old Grimshaw expressed his delight, and his determination never to listen to anybody else's reading, if he could help it, Mrs. Grimshaw felt towards Nelly a pang of envy which is akin to hatred, which takes very nasty forms with women. However, Nelly retired to rest unconscious of her offence. She pondered a while before she got into bed; she let fall a few tears as she thought of old times and old friends, amongst whom George Ewart was conspicuous; and she took from her dressing-case a short note, which ran—"One whom circumstances will not allow to utter all he feels, begs Miss Finch to accept the tribute of his heartfelt sympathy. More he knows he ought not to say; but he trusts Miss Finch will bear with him if he prays her to read the motto on the seal of this note, and to believe that the words will describe the writer. J. F."

The motto was *Semper idem*, which Nelly had learned meant "Always the same."

"Poor fellow!" she sighed, as she replaced the note; "and a week afterwards he had left England." Then she lay down to sleep, and dreamed of the night of that fatal fire. She went through every incident that had happened, and once more she held with Fortress the conversation of which Ewart had heard the conclusion; and this was the fashion of it.

Fortress. I leave England in a few days, Miss Finch, to join my regiment.

Nelly. Ah! you were telling me something about that the other night, when—when—

Fortress. When you refused to hear me out, and said you thought I must have been acting charades until the dialogue crept into my ordinary conversation.

Nelly. Oh, pray forgive me; I know I was rude; but—but—

Fortress. But you would not listen to me. Will you listen now?

Nelly (earnestly). It would be better not, Mr. Fortress—it would indeed.

Fortress. If you will only listen, I will take my chance. Indeed, I must speak, for my future depends upon it. You have eyes, and must have seen that I love you, but it is necessary you should hear with your ears that it is so.—And now that you have heard, will you have pity? Will you say you do not reject my love? Will you share the fortunes of a poor subaltern? Will you go with me to India? or at least send me out with the certainty that some day I may call you my darling wife?

Nelly (lifting her head, which had been buried in her hands). Mr. Fortress, you can see how distressed I am, and I told you it would be better not to speak.

Fortress. There are times when a man *must* speak, and I have spoken. It is true I am only a poor subaltern, but I have some private means; and in India—

Nelly. Pray, pray, Mr. Fortress, do not talk in that strain. I feel that in all respects, as the world generally thinks, you do too much honor to a poor girl like me; but—

Fortress. I am personally hateful to you.

Nelly. Oh, no, no, no. You have many gifts, which every girl must appreciate, and to which it would not become me to allude more particularly; you have many qualities which I rate very, very highly; you are generous, I know; you are brave, I have heard; but I have also heard— Oh, pray excuse me, Mr. Fortress—I cannot go on.

Fortress (ironically). Having, from knowledge or hearsay, enumerated my merits, you really ought, Miss Finch, in justification of my treatment at your hands, to mention some at least of my defects. May I press you for a short list?

Nelly. If you really wish it, I will ask you some plain questions, and you will, I need not fear, answer them like the frank, truthful gentleman you are known to be.

Fortress. Pray, commence, Miss Finch: I am on my honor, which is binding as an oath.

Nelly. Are you a gambler?

Fortress. Yes; that is to say, I have lost a great deal of money by gambling; and I still occasionally gamble.

Nelly. Are you an infidel?

Fortress. No; but I am bound to admit I have given some grounds for the accusation.

Nelly. Were you expelled from college?

Fortress (sadly). Yes. That is, I was sent away for a time, and never went back.

Nelly. Will you tell me what for?

Fortress (gloomily), Miss Finch, I could not; it would not be right that you should hear.

Nelly (flushing). You mean that you dare not, considering my sex and youth, allude to the subject?

Fortress. So much I acknowledge; but I assure you, nevertheless, that you labor under a mistake. (She had this story from a woman, that's quite clear, thought he.)

Nelly. Enough, Mr. Fortress; you have replied to my questions as straightforwardly as I know you would. And now, oh, forgive me when I say that I could not trust my happiness with one who is or has been a gambler, is not unjustly termed an infidel, was expelled from his college, and cannot, without a breach of the respect due to a lady, tell me why. Besides—excuse me if I appear to put a slight on a noble profession—I admire but dread the army.

Fortress (sarcastically). Perhaps you prefer the church?

Nelly (sententiously). Perhaps.

Fortress (ironically). Men do leave the army, and take orders. Would you think better of *me* if *I* did?

Nelly (pale but calm). No; I could not think better of you than I do. I could never give you any other answer than I have given you already.

Fortress. Never? Could you never marry me?

Nelly. Never.

Fortress. Then to-night I must say good-bye for ever; and may God bless you—and—and me.

So Nelly slept, and dreamed, and started up at the sight (as it seemed) of Wadsworth House in flames; but it was the glorious sun streaming through the window of her little room in her new home at the Grimshaws'. In a few minutes, she realized everything; and with a sigh and a shudder, she rose up to dress; and an unspoken question haunted her as she dressed: "When would she see George Ewart again?" He had not been to the Platts' for some time before she left; he had made a very good bargain (as he told his college-friends) for a living (the holder of which had nearly nine toes in the grave); and he had commenced the "fling" he had considered advisable for a young man who would soon have to warn others against the devil, the world, and the flesh.

Of all this, Nelly of course knew and guessed nothing.

The night had not been passed by the Grimshaws without speech. Avarice, from beneath a tasselled night-cap, had said: "She's very cheap at twenty pounds a year;" and a voice from the recesses of a frilled night-cap had echoed: "At twenty pounds a year." Then the first voice had muttered: "But she's as likely as not to marry well;" and the second voice had echoed "well" with an interrogative tone, which seemed to imply that the echo would willingly have added: "What if she does?" Whereupon there was a short silence, succeeded by stertorous noises from beneath the tasselled night-cap, promptly echoed from the recesses of the frilled night-cap.

CHAPTER XI.

MESSRS. EWART, WHISKEYBOTTLE, & CO.

George Ewart, whatever qualities he might lack (and it will, perhaps, hereafter strike respected readers—if they have not already come to that conclusion—that he had his imperfections,) was certainly not wanting in determination, prudence, and calculation. His worst friend would not have denied that "old Ewart" was a "determined dog," and "kept himself well in hand," and had "a deuced good notion of the main chance." He was, as has been remarked, of the generous nature which purchases freely on credit, but that was only to save present trouble, and he took care never to be so far "dipped" as to be in his creditors' power. He had managed to keep concealed from his friends that he had been requested by the college authorities to try the effect during a few terms of rustication away from his university (indeed, he had been implicated, though Nelly had never heard of *that*, in the matter which had weighed heavily against Fortress,) and so he could not go in for honors (if he had ever intended—and he had not;) but he was not the sort of man to be plucked. He took his "fling," therefore, with much deliberation and circumspection. He did not omit to pay occasional visits to the Platts," where he met Nelly once or twice, and he even managed to call with Mrs. Platt more than once at the Grimshaws', where he dined once, and so pleased old Grimshaw with startling anecdotes (over the after-dinner wine) about certain frightful diseases to which the hypochondriac fancied himself to be liable, that as they went up to the drawing-room, old Grimshaw said:

"I should like to have another opportunity of talking to you, Mr. Ewart, about that case of rheumatism in the heel; and I hope you will now consider yourself sufficiently acquainted with us to call whenever you are coming this way."

So Ewart flattered himself that he was managing matters very adroitly: he was having his "fling," and at the same time "keeping straight" (as his phrase was) with his "respectable" friends (as he would say, and especially with Nelly. But let no young man think that the effects of a "fling" are lost upon experienced matrons like Mrs. Platt, or even inexperienced maidens like Nelly. Mrs. Platt said privately to Nelly (and Nelly assented with a sigh) that there was something wrong with George Ewart.

"I don't pretend to know *exactly* what it is," Mrs. Platt said; "but depend upon it, my dear, all is not as it should be. I could see with half an eye that he is not so steady as he ought to be; a young man does not look and behave as *he* does when he is. I shouldn't wonder if he were not to take orders after all." But she did not know her man: he had bought his living, and he had no notion of relinquishing his bargain. The "fling" had another effect upon Ewart, which showed itself after he returned to college in October and prepared seriously to read for his degree. His immediate neighbors were frequently startled at night by hearing from Ewart's room, when his "oak" had been long "sported," and when he was supposed to be in bed and asleep, shouts, shrieks, and tumbles, and what sounded like a dialogue between two angry persons. Once Johnson battered and thundered at Ewart's door until the latter came and inquired through the slit in the "oak" who was there, and what was wanted. His voice was thick, his tone sullen, his feet pattered about in a singular manner, his light swayed, and to Johnson's question:

"Is anything the matter, old fellow?" he answered, roughly.

"Matter? No. Go to bed, do—and leave—a fellow—alone." He seemed to have great difficulty in getting out his words, which he uttered with much slowness and solemnity, and then retreated, swearing with some volubility. He was always bright and fresh in the mornings (for he had a wonderful constitution;) he regularly took his "paddle" down the river; he was particularly abstemious at "wine;" he did his reading systematically; smoked a pipe with a friend when it was over; retired to rest (as he said) early, and about an hour afterwards, there proceeded from his rooms a succession of diabolical noises. His "gyp" was questioned; but Philip knew that speech is silvern, silence is golden." Other "gyps" tattled about the doings of their "gentlemen," and received extra half-crowns at the end or in the middle of term. Philip, though eloquent upon the subject of "osses" and things in general, was dumb as the grave about the affairs of his "own gen'l'man," and could have shown many a half-sovereign in support of the truth of his favorite proverb. Bedmakers, however, being of a gender which renders it impossible for them (poor things,) old, ugly, avaricious, and even willing as they may be to reap the golden harvest which falls to the lot of the silent, let nature have its way, and jabber freely one with another under cloisters, on staircases, up alleys, and in mysterious passages. It is true they talk often in riddles, but some riddles are not so difficult to guess as others. When, therefore, Jenkins, who was an eccentric man, and loved to smoke pipes in singular nooks and corners, was one day indulging his fancy as he sat perched upon a window-sill, and hidden from view of persons on the inside of the window by the plentiful ivy, he overheard the following conversation between Ewart's bedmaker and his own. Says the latter, with a chuckle:

"So Mr. E. 'ave been at it agin; I 'eard 'em a-talkin' about it at Mr. J.'s this mornin'. They think he must 'ave somebody 'id in 'is rooms—ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! 'im and 'is friend 'ad a night of it last night; I found 'em a-lyin' on the 'earth-rug together this mornin'."

"What! 'im and Mr. Whiskeybottle?"

"Yes; 'e was 'oldin' 'im tight round the neck; and there was the lamp smashed close to 'em. I suppose they got quarrellin'—ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! And it's nothink but Mr. Whiskeybottle?"

"Nothink at all. When 'em two gets together, they don't part easy, *I* know. And you may depend upon it Mr. Whiskeybottle will be one too many for Mr. E. some day."

Putting together what he had overheard and what Johnson had told him, Jenkins and his friends hit upon the true solution of the puzzle. Ewart's "fling" had affected him in a manner which is said to be not unusual. It had brought him into a state of mind and body, and especially nerves, such as is tolerable enough (for the young and strong) so long as daylight and company or occupation are to be had, but is insupportable (without stimulant) when night, and solitude, and reaction come on; so Ewart took stimulants; and his was an organization over which stimulants exercise irresistible influence. So long as there was the presence of anybody to restrain him and occupy his attention, his abstemiousness was remarkable; but it was the abstemiousness of a nature which shrinks from exposure, and is distrustful of itself. As his bedmaker truly said, when he and Mr. Whiskybottle got alone together, they were not easily parted; and he would throw off his proud reserve, and shout, and shriek, and laugh, and talk freely to his companion with the enlivening powers, but with no eye to see, or ear to hear, or tongue to tell—and yet with a mute sign-language which was sure, sooner or later, to betray him.

In this manner, George Ewart went on until the time came for his final examination. He "got through," as the saying is, was duly gazetted B.A., and went through the usual preparation (accompanied in the evening by Mr. Whiskeybottle) for undertaking the cure of souls. One of the steps he had to take was to obtain "college testimonials." These were by no means unchecked, for, though he received tolerably satisfactory certificates from the majority of the college authorities, the Master wrote him the following recommendation to any bishop or bishops whose attention he might think it advisable to draw thereto:

ST. VALENTINE'S COLLEGE, Feb. 14, 185-.

I beg to certify that I have known Mr. George Ewart as intimately as our relative positions, uninfluenced by private connection, enabled me to know him, for something like five years; and during that long period, I never heard of one action of his life, or noticed one trait of his character, which would justify me in recommending him for the office of a Christian minister.

CHARLES MERRIMAN, D.D., Master.

This strong evidence of his devotion to the established church, constant attendance at college chapel, Christian charity, and general worth, George Ewart was far too diffident to show to his friends, but confided to the safe custody of a blazing fire. But there are ways of molding the evil designs of malignant doctors of divinity, and Ewart, in spite of Dr. Merriman, got ordained to a curacy by means of a little adroit lying (for which, as his poor aunt had borne witness, he had shown extraordinary aptitude from boyhood.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ It is now definitely announced by Ticknor & Fields, on the authority of a cable dispatch, that Charles Dickens will arrive in this country in November, and begin his readings from his own works, in the principal cities, during the first week in December.

☞ A diamond in the rough state was found at Camden, Miss., during the war, but at the time was considered of no value. Since then it has been examined, and in the opinion of intelligent men it is worth $50,000. It is in the possession of Dr. Tom Cotton of Camden.

☞ A lady who has a great horror of tobacco, got into a New Haven car the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chaw, if you want one."

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

SLEEP.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
Who, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear."
—YOUNG.

Ladies—As we have had in this series much of Work, a little of Rest, and somewhat of Society, it seems time for some Sleep. Women are supposed to be most largely endowed with the soothing elements. Hence, among the household divinities, the wife should be as the goddess of sleep, giving every one their portion in due season, or, at least, so ordering the ways of her household as will best conduce to this happy result. The peace and prosperity of every family depends largely upon each member having the requisite amount of sleep. Hence the lady of the house should look after all—from master to servant, from mistress to maid, from the youngest child to the grown-up lads and misses—with reference to this all-important point: that is, do they sleep long and well. The mother often says, by way of excuse: "The baby is cross for want of a nap." The same apology might often well be made for children of larger growth; they, too, are often so tired they can't be good, and still do not know that it is sleep they need. During the early years of our work in the invalid world, I was impressed that much irritability and multiplied infirmities were induced by lack of sufficient sleep, and so gave to "The Water Cure Journal" my thoughts on this subject. Subsequent observation has confirmed those early opinions, and so what I have to say now will be in substance what I then said. First, let us take a physiological view of our sleepy subject. Our bodies have two classes of functions, called the animal and the nutritive. The former—sometimes called those of relation—connect us with the world about us, and tire by use, by activity, and hence the need of that temporary suspension of action which we call sleep. Thus the mind, muscles, eye, ear, and indeed every sense, every voluntary power, must have its period of rest, that the system may repair its waste of nervous force induced by their action. The nutritive functions continue their work from beginning to end of life with little variation. Or, in other words, the involuntary forces of our bodies go on, with but slight modification, both when we wake and when we sleep, year in and year out. To illustrate: The heart keeps up its steady tick-tack by night and day, like a true time-keeper, to the end of our pilgrimage, even if it is fourscore years and more, while our voluntary powers weary with use. Thus the feet tire with walking, the hands with working, the eyes with seeing, the ear with hearing, and even the tongue with talking. Then the only perfect rest which can come must be by sleep, which is a torpitude of the voluntary organs, while the involuntary continue their accustomed action. It is by this means that the great nervous centre of animal life is renovated. Hence sleep is as needful as food to sustain life, and it is supposed persons can live longer without eating than without sleeping. Among the inventions of the ancients for human torture, that of keeping the victim awake till death ensued is said to have been the most terrible. This we may well believe, for some of the most distressing nervous diseases arise from want of sufficient sleep, and those too, which it is quite impossible to relieve by any remedial means.

Noise and mental excitement tend to keep the brain aroused to activity; but at length, if we are well, sleep draws on, even when the internal effort and external surroundings conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued soldier has often fallen asleep amid the discharge of artillery. An engineer slept within a boiler while heavy hammers were beating on the outside. In sleep, as in every thing else, we are influenced by habit. If accustomed to sleep where it is still, we are greatly disturbed by noise. If accustomed to noise, we wake when it ceases. A proprietor of extensive iron works sleeps sweetly within the sound of sledge hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, but awakes immediately if any interruption occurs during the night. The motion of the cradle and the singing of the nurse, which are soothing to an infant accustomed to that sort of quietus, would wake a child unused to them. We also have a story of the snoring husband, whose wife tried in vain to sleep when her "gude man" was away, until "Betty the cook" bethought that the sound of the coffee mill was similar to that made by her snoring master, "and so kept that agoing" until it soothed her mistress to sleep. But it is a bad habit to become dependent on books, coffee mills, cradles, or any external aid to invite sleep. Children who must be rocked, read to, laid with, or have a light in the room till they are asleep, are almost invariably nervous, excitable, over-sensitive—a heavy tax on mother, aunty, nurse, and all hands. We remember one such who was always walked to sleep in the arms of a nurse; but the child grew heavy, and the nurse grew tired, and so one day she gave out, and the baby could not go to sleep. The mother tried the work, but found it too heavy; next the fond father undertook the task, but grew weary of the steady to and fro in his own private room, and for a change went to the wood house and mounted the wood machine. And so papa walked, the machine rolled, baby laughed, and all went well for a time. But by-and-by the father grew tired of playing horse, but, not being way-wise in wood machines, he did not know how to stop it, or to get off when it was going. Our Pat being just then out of hearing, he called a long time in vain for help, and so got a good sweat on a warm summer's day, and was never known to say again that it was easy work to keep baby quiet.

Now-a-days most little ones get more tending than when we were of that class, if we remember rightly. The result of all this attention is too much excitement, too little rest. But even in these "degenerate days" we know a beautiful blue-eyed baby in the Chemung Valley, who of her own free will sleeps sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and when awake is bright, lively, and happy as possible. From 8 in the evening till 9 or 10 in the morning she sleeps sweetly. She then breakfasts, and lies on the floor amusing herself with her own private gymnastics, for her limbs are not fettered by long, heavy skirts. At about 12 o'clock she dines, and then sleeps until 2 or 3 o'clock. Thus the long summer days go by, the happy mother finding time to not only tend baby, but to attend to her household cares—a mother whose early medical training has not blighted any domestic grace, but rather brightened and ripened them all, so that she not only makes the best butter in the valley, but takes the most intelligent, loving care of her children. If they are sick or irritable, she knows whether it is food, sleep, or a bath that they need. Here, often, a boy is sent to his room *for* a nap for some perversity of spirit, which would have cost him quite another kind of discipline with a mother less judicious.

We trust our readers will not deem that ours is an iron rule—that children should never be soothed to sleep by any other. Of course, there are emergencies of sickness, over-weariness, peculiarities of temperament to be met. But, as a general rule, children will take to sleep, as to eating, without much petting, if they are well managed. We remember a little fellow who from his earliest infancy onward was seldom "put to sleep," but was simply picked up and laid in his crib, and so took his nap without rocking or crying. One sultry summer's day he tried in vain to take his P. M. nap. He cooled himself by turning first on one side and then on the other; next holding up one leg and then the other. Now he soothed himself by counting his fingers and toes, and next by putting his thumb in his mouth. But all to no purpose; he was too restless to sleep. At last he called out: "Mamma, please give me a love pat, and that will help me to go to sleep, I guess."

The love pats, a series of them were given, and a kiss, too. Soon after, the fringed lids lay quietly over those twinkling eyes, and the restless limbs were resting in sleep. Many a child of larger growth has felt just this want of being soothed when wearied and "worried." Very few of us are strong enough to always stand alone, or even rest alone. Sometimes we are not willing to ask this aid; perchance we may not know we need it, or who can give it. But we have all at times felt an infusion of strength, of resignation, of returning self-possession, coming from the heart, the eye, the word of another. Sometimes we fall beneath a load which the finger of a friend would have lightened, or, better still, have steadied us in bearing, by soothing us to sleep, and so with sleep would come the strength to do the work or endure the sorrow. When we sleep too little our sensibilities often grow abnormally acute, so that sleep is well nigh impossible. But if our habits are healthful, the need of sleep makes all our senses more and more obtuse until they fail to act. The power of the will over the muscles is lessened or lost—so eyelids fall, and, if sitting up, arms drop, nodding ensues, as seen in church when the brain has been soothed by a good sermon. Of the senses, sight fails first when we go to sleep, then taste, next smell, and lastly tact or touch. The awakening is just the reverse of this order—that is, the last is first. Tact, or the sense of feeling, is the first aroused, so we change our position if we do not lie comfortably, and draw up the bed-clothes if we are cold, even when we are in every other respect asleep. This sense seems to be a sort of sentinel, which sleeps so lightly that it can look after our physical wants and personal safety while our more delicate powers rest soundly. Of this we had a most amusing illustration a few nights since in our large family. A little boy went to his room at an early hour, locked the door, and fell asleep. When his mother came she tried in vain to arouse him, and was soon joined by her friends along the hall, and such a concert of calls, raps, kicks, and rattling of the door was never heard before in our quiet household. The pass key could not be used, for the key was left in the inside of the lock. By means of a ladder the window was reached, but the blinds were fastened on the inside. Next, heads were thrust in at the ventilator above the door, and calls by voices sharp and soft, familiar and unfamiliar, were tried in vain, making not the least impression on the sleeper. At last it was suggested that, though his ears were locked, the sense of touch never slept as soundly. So a tall man, with long arms and a longer fishing rod, mounted a chair and thrust head and shoulders through the only orifice, the open ventilators, giving the sleeper sundry taps, or "pokes," as he said, with the fishing pole, which operation soon proved efficient, without harm to the patient.

During sleep respiration and circulation are retarded, hence heat is generated more slowly, and so, if insufficiently covered, we take cold more readily than when awake and active. Digestion, too, is more tardy, so we eat three meals in the twelve working hours, and none for the next twelve. Good sleep is so refreshing that we have the old French proverb: "Who sleeps dines." But a watcher wants a second supper or an early breakfast.

When sleep is complete the brain seems to be in a state of perfect rest; but when only partial, as in slumber, ideas flit in a disorderly manner, constituting a sort of delirium. During this kind of incomplete sleep the external sensations are not wholly at rest, hence impressions made on them may excite the most exaggerated impressions on the brain in the shape of dreams. So Des Cartes thought the bite of a flea to be the point of a sword. An uneasy position of the neck may give the idea of strangulation. An undigested supper may cause the sleeper to feel as if a heavy weight were resting on his stomach instead of in it. A person having a blister applied to his head dreamed that he was scalped by the Indians—a slight mistake! Many times our mental work marks our dreams. The minister writes sermons, the student solves problems, and the doctor decides what to do with his patient. These things dreamed out are often better done than when we are awake even. But this sort of night work wears rapidly, because it keeps the mind at work when it is already over-weary; and, however correct those solutions are which we seem to sleep out, they show that the tired head needs rest or a change of occupation.

Persons of much mental activity are more likely to be wakeful than those given to manual labor, while the former need more sleep, for the head work expends nervous force more rapidly than that of the hands. Solomon says: "Much study is weariness to the flesh," and the kind of weariness which comes from an over-worked brain with too little sleep is the worst kind to bear, and the various nervous affections which arise thereby often make the sufferer very inconsistent and unreasonable. The "blue Monday" of the minister comes largely because the intense intellectual and emotional life of the previous day have prevented his sleeping well the succeeding night. To be sure, we often get so weary in body and spirit that it takes more than one night to rest us up "all right." But if we get a good rest the first night, we are not blue and tired the next day, but sensible and full of courage that we shall soon be rested up. Ministerial labors would be less wearing if the last Sabbath service were held at an earlier hour, so that the head could "cool off" and get quiet, and thus be ready for sleep at bedtime. But now that evening worship must be at eight o'clock (the genteel time for fashionable amusements,) instead of "early candle-light," or, better still, five o'clock, as of old, it must be near "the small hours" before a minister who has thrown his whole mental and spiritual force into his subject can get ready to sleep. So, too, his hearers, if they are held in head and heart to the point of devotional interest till nine o'clock, certainly are not ready to go to sleep at that good old-fashioned hour for retiring to our beds.

Age, temperament, and constitutional tendencies make a difference with the amount of sleep required, and with the facility with which we can turn to it. Some kinds of mental labor expends nervous force more rapidly than others. The *purely* intellectual is less exhaustive than when combined with the emotional. Scientific persons live longer, sleep better, and are much more healthy and happy than those who belong to what is called "the literary world." The former seem to be cooled, steadied, and strengthened by the study of Nature as she is. The latter live more in the ideal, the imaginative, and so write "out of their own heads."

The finest descriptions of scenery, of love, of domestic peace, are not usually written by those who enjoy it, but by those who long for it. Hence their pictures are not of what is about them, but of their own intense inner life, which burns too brilliantly to burn long or steadily. So, if we had more good sleepers, the world would lack many a thrilling romance, and many a reader would miss a sleepless night.

There have been varied opinions as to whether men or women need more sleep; but it does not seem that sex can decide the question, but rather temperament, age, occupation, state of health, etc. It is said that women bear watching better than men, and it is no doubt true, often, that their more intense affectional nature, their more sensitive organization, will enable them to keep awake more easily; but these very conditions make them really need more sleep, in that they expend life force more rapidly. The cares of maternity wear more from the loss of sleep which often comes with them than from any other cause. So if I were writing to husbands I should say: If you want to keep your wives fresh and cheery, try to lighten their night care, or plan for them a morning nap by being mother *pro tem.* when the little ones have kept them awake. Women, while nursing, need much sleep if they are of delicate organization, otherwise they grow morbid, sensitive, and depressed, have a pain between the shoulders, in the back of the head and neck. For these pains they try all manner of plasters, braces, washes, etc., when more sleep would best mend the weak place. Mothers often tell me that, since the birth of such a child, or such a siege of family sickness years ago, they have been poor sleepers. The facts are these: they have been kept awake when they were over-sensitive from sickness, sorrow, or solicitude, till their nervous system became so irritable that, when there was no longer need to keep awake, they could not sleep.

Mothers often fail to realize how much sleep their growing children need, and so when they are sick or out of sorts give them all kinds of remedies but the right one.

There is a pretty theory that the bones grow only when we are asleep. If this be true, those boys who wish to "increase in wisdom and stature" had better go to bed in season. Every mother has noticed that her children have their times of growing tall, and then of stout, and that they are much more sensitive and likely to be sickly when growing lengthwise than when growing breadthwise. While the former changes are being perfected, a larger amount of both bony and nerve matter must be furnished than for the latter. Hence, when your children are "running up tall," as you say, keep them from heavy work and late hours. If they complain of being tired, seem lazy or irritable, encourage them to sleep much.

Jesus has promised to give "his beloved sleep"—sleep so sweet that at the awakening there shall be no aching of the head or heart because of the labors, the sorrows, or the sins of our earthly days. Until then, let us each, in our small way, try to give to our beloved sleep as the best solace for the past, the best source of strength for the future.—*The Herald of Health.*

VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and the night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding in and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the sea,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisherman the burden breaks,
And after the dreaming the dreamer awakes.

2 MONTHS FOR 0.
2 MONTHS FOR 0.
2 MONTHS FOR 0.

The Best Paper
FOR THE FAMILY,
FOR THE FARMER,
FOR THE GARDENER,
FOR THE BOYS & GIRLS.

THE

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST,

FOR THE

Farm, Garden, and Household,

Including a Special Interesting and Instructive Department for CHILDREN and YOUTH.

(Established in 1842.)

A Good, Cheap, and very Valuable Paper for Every Man, Woman, and Child, in City, Village and Country.

The AGRICULTURIST is a large periodical of 32 to 40 pages, well printed, and filled with PLAIN, PRACTICAL, RELIABLE ORIGINAL matter, including hundreds of BEAUTIFUL and INSTRUCTIVE Engravings in every annual volume.

It contains each month a Calendar of Operations to be performed on the Farm, in the Orchard, and Garden, in and around the Dwelling, &c.

The Household Department is valuable to every Housekeeper, affording very many useful hints and directions calculated to lighten and facilitate in-door work

20,000 DOLLARS

and upwards are expended every year by the Publishers in procuring the best, most reliable and practical reading matter and beautiful and instructive engravings for this paper. The cost of producing the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST is divided among so great a host of subscribers that it amounts to but a trifle to each above the cost of the white paper on which it is printed.

10s of 1000s.

Tens of thousands of persons, old and young, in city and country, and in all the various trades and professions—owners of farms and those who never have owned a foot of ground—gardeners, fruit growers and others—have not only subscribed for the first time, but continued to be subscribers for years thereafter, and remain so to-day. No better proof than this fact is needed of its great value. The circulation to actual subscribers is doubtless larger than that of any monthly journal in the world.

30 to 50

beautiful engravings are given in each number. Every paper contains from 20 to 50 engravings, all of them by the best draughtsmen and engravers, and many of them very costly. Special attention is called to the engravings in the volume for the present year. All who are at all familiar with the difficulty and expense attendant upon the production of such pictures will, we are sure, acknowledge that the subscribers to the AGRICULTURIST receive much for a little. And while these engravings are in the highest style of the art, they are so varied in character as to interest every member of a family, even the youngest.

1000s OF HINTS,

with other interesting and instructive reading matter, are provided for all.

Farmers find here thousands of hints and suggestions about all kinds of farm work.

Mechanics find much that interests them in the engravings and descriptions of implements and machinery; also in the directions for culture of their garden lots, if they have them.

City Merchants find a large amount of valuable information for the management of their country places, or which at least helps to keep bright in their minds the pleasing ideal of a beautiful place in the country, to which so many are looking forward when they shall retire from business.

Country Merchants keep the paper in their stores where customers can see it, and many of them secure large clubs.

Children are delighted with the sketches and beautiful engravings found in the Boys' and Girls' Department.

Everybody finds something to please, interest and instruct; and by the constant and thorough exposure of humbugs in this paper, it is not too much to say that thousands of dollars have been saved to the unwary from their being thus put upon their guard.

$1,50, $5, $12, $20.

Terms.—The circulation of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST (about 150,000) is so large that it can be furnished at the low price of $1,50 a year; four copies, for $5; ten copies, for $12; twenty or more, $1 each; single numbers, 15 cents each.

Now Notice our Special Offer:—

All new subscribers who shall, during the month of October, send their subscription-money, and names marked NEW, *for the year* 1868, SHALL RECEIVE THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR THE MONTHS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1867, FREE.

This offer of **Two Months for Nothing**, applies to **All New Subscribers received in October**, 1867, for the year 1868, whether single names or members of Clubs. Thus $1.50 pays for one copy of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST for the whole of 1868, and the subscriber receives the paper for the last two months of this year FREE. So will pay for FOUR subscribers for the whole of 1868, and each of them receives the paper for the last two months of this year FREE, that is, they receive the AGRICULTURIST from November, 1867, to December, 1868, inclusive, and in the same way with the larger clubs, as above; and these names count on the Premium Lists.

2 MONTHS FOR 0.
2 MONTHS FOR 0.
2 MONTHS FOR 0.

The Best Paper
FOR THE FAMILY,
FOR THE FARMER,
FOR THE GARDENER,
FOR THE BOYS & GIRLS.

THE

American Agriculturist,

Make all remittances *either by checks or drafts on New York City, payable to the order of Orange Judd & Co., or by Post Office Money-orders, or in Registered Letters.*

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
245 Broadway and 41 Park Row,
NEW YORK.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WANAMAKER
AND
BROWN,
CLOTHING,
6th &
Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
OAK HALL

NOTE.—This is the largest Clothing House in the city, and so well organized, that it has no superior in the United States. Reasonable Prices, First Class Workmanship, and Reliability, are the features of the house. Orders by mail have special care. Samples sent when desired. oct19-3m

MASON'S MUSIC CHARTS.

Including Hohman's Practical Course in Singing; Dr. Mainzer's Music for the Million; Hullah's Wilhelm, etc., together with Appropriate Songs for the school-room, for one, two and three voices. By L. W. Mason, *Teacher of Music in the Boston schools.* These charts are designed to dispense with the use of the blackboard, at the same time furnishing the most approved course of elementary studies, exercises and songs. Price $10.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesrooms, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $80 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $15 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

ATTENTION!—MANUFACTURERS AND ALL WANTING FARMS!—Cheap Farm and Fruit Lands, Village lots, Water Powers for manufacturing, for sale at Bricksburg, Ocean Co., New Jersey, 44 miles from New York, on railroad to Philadelphia.

Soil fine loam, superior for all crops. Country just rolling enough for beauty and utility. Climate mild and proverbially healthy. Water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Sold only to actual settlers, on easy terms. Price per acre $25 and upward. For circulars and maps, address ROBT. CAMPBELL, President, No. 153 Broadway, New York. V. B. HOLT, Agent, Bricksburg. oct12-4t

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP!

It is well known cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body, safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE, for flushed, red and heated faces. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway, New York.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.

Can be had in Philadelphia of T. W. EVANS, 41 South 8th Street. oct26-1t

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—An English and French School for Young Ladies. Very select, delightfully situated, and affording unusual advantages for a solid and elegant education. For the prospectus, address, early, the

REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A. M., Rector.
sep28-3t

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,—33d year began August 20th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

$2 TO $5.—For every hour's service, pleasant and honorable employment without risk. Desirable for all ladies, ministers, teachers, students, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody; please call or address, C. W. JACKSON & CO., 548 Beaver St., New York. oct19-3m

A BOOK AGENT wanted in every town. Send stamp for catalogue or $1 for Sample book to CHARLES MRANCHES,
oct19-6 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

WHISKERS!—A heavy Beard is warranted in five weeks by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. oct19-3m

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
AND
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and not Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

This work (published in June) was written before the Connecticut election of last Spring—and in it the writer gives the following

WARNING TO THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

"In every great movement, as History warns us, it is all-important that the party of Progress should *know where to stop.* Generally, misled by zealots, they will not pause at the proper period, and thus create a Reaction, whose waves in turn sweep away not only the proofs of their folly, but much which has really been gained for the great cause of human improvement. A safe rule in such cases would seem to be, that the reformatory party should pause *when the result which they had originally aimed at was attained.*

"The Anti-slavery movement has effected its contemplated end; and the work planned in the days of sober reason being accomplished, it is now plunging into madness and folly. I warn the friends of the negro, and the negroes themselves, against the inevitable reaction which they are provoking. If they fall into the spirit of the Jacobins, and yield themselves to wild theories of the natural rights of man, and wild notions of vengeance against the Southern rebels, they will experience the fate of the Jacobins, *and go down amid the fierce surges of a popular reaction.* If they act, however, like moderate and sensible men, who are able to understand that there are other people in this country than negroes, and other interests than those relating to the freedmen, it will be well for the negroes themselves, for the Republican party, and for the country."

The Author wishes the above (and the work itself) to be read and pondered by all thoughtful men, in the light of the recent elections. Is not his Prediction coming true?

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
jy12-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

And if you want the Best Combined Weekly AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER on the Continent, send for MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, which is in advance of all others in Value, Variety and Interest of Contents, and superior in Typography, Illustrations, &c. The RURAL employs the BEST TALENT in all its Departments, and has a far larger circulation than any other Journal of its Class in the World,—best evidence of *Intrinsic Merit and Superiority.* Both Press and People almost universally pronounce it the Napoleon in its Sphere of Journalism. It is Ably Edited, Neatly Printed, and Profusely Illustrated,—Practical, Scientific, and Useful,—Moral in Tone, Pure in Sentiment, and Highly Entertaining. The RURAL is adapted to both Town and Country, but is mainly devoted to the interests and welfare of the Rural and Industrial Population, among whom it has an immense circulation in all parts of the Union.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is published every Saturday, (not a monthly or only 12 issues a year,) each No. comprising Eight Double Quarto Pages. A new Quarter begins Oct. 5, and Volume XIX in January next. **Only $3 a Year**—less to Clubs. Great Inducements to Club Agents, and one wanted in every town. *Now is the Time to Subscribe and form Clubs.* ☞ Specimens, Show-Bills, Premium Lists, &c., SENT FREE—or we will send the 13 numbers of this (Oct. to Jan.) or any preceding Quarter of this year (as trial, or as specimens,) for ONLY FIFTY CENTS. Address

D. D. T. MOORE,
ROCHESTER, New York.

TEN DOLLARS.
$10. SEWING MACHINE. $10.
$25 to $50 A DAY TO AGENTS.

PATENTED 1868. *Territorial rights given free to good Agents.* It is the largest, best, and strongest cheap machine sold. It makes a seam which will not rip, THOUGH EVERY THIRD STITCH BE CUT. No family should be without one. The only $10 Sewing Machine sold that will sew heavy beaver cloth. Sent free by express on receipt of price, $10, packed in a wooden box with 1 spool machine silk, 1 silver hemmer, 1 screw-driver, and 1 brass gauge. Agents wanted everywhere.

EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO.,
oct19-4t 920 Broadway, New York.

PALMER'S 1863
PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.
1869 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.
ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
S. FRANK PALMER, M. D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB CO.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct26-1y

WANTED,

AGENTS IN EVERY COUNTY

In the United States, to have the exclusive sale of articles in good demand, paying a large profit. Address "CHARLES S. GIKENNE & CO., No. 413 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia." oct12-3t

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
aug24-6m

$100 A MONTH SALARY will be paid Agents, male or female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free by return mail, or sample retailing at $4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad Street, New York. [Clip out and return this notice.] oct12-3m

(Established 1861.)

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

32,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skelton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent, in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best, $1 20 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c. 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 30c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET,
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens,	at $1 25	$5 00
8 do	do	do	at 1 00	8 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	1 00
3 do	do	R. McCargen	at 1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barraford	at 1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50
and 10 others—total				$51 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (*beside the Express charges*), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *base imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.;
NEW YORK.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

BELLS.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
FULLY WARRANTED.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y.
aug30-1y

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address

SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. oct5-3t

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

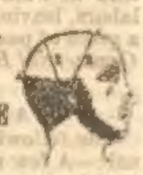
YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.

The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 23 Water St., Boston. jc15-6m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec17-6t Box 2200, Boston, Mass.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



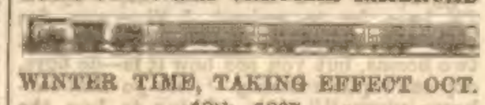
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. not-cowly

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD



WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT. 13th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street or No. 4 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	12.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	2.20	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.45	"
ERIE MAIL	11.15	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00	"
ACCOMMODATION	12.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	9.05	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.30	"
FAST LINE	9.05	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.40	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10	P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Sup., Altoona, Pa.*

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORDOLIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 76 Nassau St., New York. jy5-1y

$3000. AGENTS Wanted. $10 made from $1. Call and examine an invention needed by everybody. No experience necessary. Business light. Situation permanent—employment immediate. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New Street, New York. oct12-3m

WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp,

HAMILTON, PERRY & CO.,
oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

WIT AND HUMOR.

He Hadn't any Objection.

An attache of a New York paper, noted for his love of a practical joke and a slight obstruction in his speech, was "on duty" at the Fair of the American Institute, recently, and finding a convenient point of rest behind a pyramid of paste-blacking, went quietly to work writing up his notes. He had just commenced a glowing eulogium on the merits of a patent bean-sifter, largely advertised in the Publican, when he was interrupted by a tall countryman, who asked—

"Haow do ye sell yer blackin," mister?"

"I d-d-don't sell it," said the absorbed writer.

"Don't *gin* it away, du ye?" said the querist, handling a box covetously.

"I ha-ha-haven't g-g-given any away yet," replied the still busy knight of the pencil.

"Hain't got any objections to my takin' a box, have ye?" persisted the tormentor.

"N-n-n-not the l-l-east in the world," said the now thoroughly-aroused joker, calmly closing his book, and beaming blandly upon his interrogator.

The countryman immediately seized upon a box of the polish; a sharp boy standing near followed his example; the news of free blacking spread among other sharp boys, and the pyramid of blacking was speedily reduced to a plain, when the newspaper man was overtaken a little distance farther in the hall by the blacking dealer, irate and red-faced, with two policemen, who had the original offender and half-a-dozen boys in custody.

"What the blazes do you mean," said the man of polish, in anything but polished language, "by setting people to steal my blacking?"

"M-m-my dear sir," said the paragrapher, urbanely, "the g-g-gentleman asked me if I ha-ha-had any objections to his t-t-t-taking a box of the b-b-blacking, and I told him I hadn't any objections at all, and I d-d-don't know why the d-d-deuce I should have." And he walked quietly on in pursuit of his labors, leaving Mr. Day and Martin to charge a gross of paste-blacking to profit and loss.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A One-Horse Nigger.

The following is told by the Dayton Journal:—A few months ago a gentleman moved to this city, and purchased a nice property, and, among other things to contribute to his convenience and comfort, procured a fine horse and a very genteel carriage. A "likely colored boy" was employed at a fair salary to take charge of the establishment, and discharge the numerous duties which arise around a well-regulated homestead. For a time things went on smoothly with "Chores," but latterly he seemed out of spirits, and seldom smiled. His employer observed this despondent demeanor of "Chores," and he determined to get at the bottom of it. Perhaps he was in love! But no matter. Taking "Chores" aside one day when he looked more gloomy than usual, he inquired, considerately, what it was that ailed him. "Well, you see, Mars'r," began "Chores," in a sort of tragic style, "you's got but one hoss, while all the gentlemen 'bout hea has two; an' all de boys da calls me a one-horse nigger; an' as I can't stan dat, I spects I'll have for to resign! I likes you fus rate, Mars'r, an' I'd like to stay if you had two hosses, but you see how it is—de boys, dey can't quit hollering—'dere go that one-horse nigger!'" Not wishing to lose the services of so valuable an assistant, a second horse was purchased, and "Chores" became a two-horse nigger.

What is Solitude?

Boys ought not to be permitted to travel in the season. They are too sharp. The American boy is a dangerous weapon, with edge to him and no handle to get hold of him by. At the Fort William Henry House we saw a lover and lady tormented with the company of the lady's younger brother.

"'Tis a sweet lake!" sighed the lady. "I wish I might have an island in it, and solitude."

"Without me?" said the lover, plaintively.

"You are solitude to me!" she said; "you put the rest of the world far off from us!"

"Yes," said the boy, "he's a sweet old solitude, he is! He's a solitude with a bar-room in it, and boys to set up ten-pins. He's more solitude by hisself than fortitude!"

WESTERN ANECDOTES.—A. D. Richardson, in his new work on the West, tells the following anecdote:—The ——th Kansas Infantry acquired rare reputation for plundering during the great rebellion. A number of Kansas regiments marching through Missouri, revenged themselves upon their old enemies; but this had unapproachable genius for plunder, which the camp stories used to illustrate with genuine American exaggeration. One of them ran thus: In an Arkansas campaign, a general officer found the entire ——th grouped around a saw-mill, and weeping like Niobes.

"Why, boys," he asked, "what's the matter?"

"Matter enough!" sobbed one enterprising volunteer. "Thus far we have never left anything behind us; but we can't possibly steal this saw-mill!"

IMPROVED LEGISLATORS.—The Territorial Legislature of 1859 was a more reputable body than that of the previous year. Still one of the representatives, originally from Indiana, in recording himself a physician, transcribed very promptly, the letters "P-h-i-s-i"—then hesitated a moment, and at last, turning to a bystander, asked, in all seriousness:

"Do you spell physician 'tion,' or 'sion'?"

A KANSAS COURT, 1857.—Once an attorney for the defence took his cigar from his mouth, and behind a huge puff of smoke, objected to certain testimony on the other side as inadmissible. The justice gravely replied:

"The court sustains the objection and rules that the question cannot be asked *at this stage of the game.*"

The inference was, that "the Court" played poker.

☞ The proudest triumph in a man's life is when he makes a friend of an enemy. The joy is then akin to that which angels feel as they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth.

REASONING BY ANALOGY.

CISSY (who has lamed her doll) TO MAMMA (who has sprained her ankle).—"Why do you walk like that, mamma?"

MAMMA.—"Because I have hurt my foot, Cissy."

CISSY.—"And *did all the sawdust come out?*"

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Keep the Boys at Home.

My neighbor Smith came in this morning wearing a very perplexed look, and evidently considerably excited about something. I can tell when Smith is agitated, for he shows it in his face and actions, and has not that power of control which allows a person to appear calm while laboring under deep excitement. After some talk on general subjects he broke out with:

"I can't keep my boys at home. There's John went away last year, and now William wants to leave, though he ain't only seventeen, and no more fit to go out into the world for himself than a child. I don't see how other folks keep their boys at home, I can't."

"I suppose, then, they ain't satisfied with things on the farm."

"No, they're uneasy from morning till night, and don't give me any peace."

"Couldn't something be done to make them *satisfied with farm life?*"

"I don't know; boys ain't same as they used to be. They get big notions in their heads, and don't stick to work as well."

"Perhaps we farmers don't give them enough privileges. We mustn't forget that they are *boys*, and *not men*, and use them accordingly."

"When I was a boy I didn't think of having so many privileges as they have now."

"Very well, but times were far different then from now. We must take things as they are in the age we live, and endeavor to conform to the prevailing customs. Do you give your boys plenty of holidays and time to rest, as well as look round a little?"

"Yes, they always go to 4th of July, and the circusses."

"Did you take them to cattle show last year?"

"Well, no; you see I wanted to get my potatoes out afore they rotted any worse."

"That was hardly fair. The cattle show is peculiarly intended for the farmers' boys, and it's wrong to cheat them out of attending."

"You don't think they do the boys any good, do you?"

"Why not? Farmers' boys learn easily, and are very observant. I think they would be more likely to notice changes and improvements than their elders. A knowledge of what others are doing would stimulate them to action with the hope of equalling or surpassing a neighbor. We are not apt to give our boys credit for all they do know. You kept your boys to school during the winter terms, I suppose."

"Generally; but last winter I had considerable cordwood to get out, so William had to help me. It won't pay to hire a man."

"That was a 'penny wise and pound foolish' policy. Give your boys all the schooling possible, at least do not let them lose a day of the winter term. Better stay at home yourself and do the chores, than they should remain out of school. And every farmer who can possibly spare the means, should allow his boys a term at the high school or academy in the fall after harvesting, as soon as they are sixteen years old. You take plenty of papers, I suppose?"

"Well, no; I did have The Farmer, but it don't come now; but I have a political paper."

"I think I see where the trouble is, Smith. I'm afraid your boys don't find home attractive. Perhaps they have come to associate the word *home* with a place where they have only ate and slayed, instead of a pleasant refuge where the body and mind is rested and restored. Perhaps you have kept them too often and too late in the fields, and not given them enough recreation. Perhaps—mind you, I say, *perhaps*—they have got an idea that any other place is more pleasant than the farm and the life they lead there. If so, by all means correct this idea by removing the causes. Remember that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and give them all the holidays consistent with justice. Make the house a home in reality to them when not engaged in farm work—not a mere place to eat and sleep in. Fix up the sitting-room; get some books and pictures, and don't be afraid to spend ten dollars or more a year for periodicals. It will pay you compound interest, and whatever you can do with your money on the farm or about your home that will exert an influence towards making your boys contented and satisfied, will be better than mortgages on real estate, or 7-30s, to be left for them to quarrel over after you are gone."—*American Farmer.*

Bottled Cider.

The Farmer and Mirror advises bottling cider—and gives the following directions:—

Cider is so scarce, it will be economy to bottle it, as it will spend better, and keep as long as you please. For bottling let the pumice lie in the trough over night. The first run of the cider from the press is the best. Let the cider work a day or two—the casks being full, so that the pumice may pass off at the bung-hole. Then take an empty cask, clean and sweet, put into it ten or twelve gallons of the cider, thrust into the cask, through the bung-hole, an ignited rag-sulphur-match, suspended by a wire from the bung, to which it is to be attached; and after this another, and so on, till three or four matches have been consumed. Then shake the cask violently, until the fumes of the sulphur are completely incorporated with the cider. Pour the cider thus prepared into the cask in which you propose to keep it for the winter. Repeat the same process until your cask is full. Bung the cask tight, and let it remain in the cellar till March, and then draw the cider off and bottle it. Place the bottle upon the bottom of the cellar, and cover with sand. Some place the bottles bottom up, in a trench or betwixed two bits of joist, as in this way the corks will remain secure without twine or wire.

In this way you can have the best of bottled cider, and an article that commands a good price, either for sickness or the table.

In this manner the "Shaker cider" is made, which is for draught, and will keep a long time.

If you don't care to bottle it, you can make excellent cider in this way: Take pure cider, put it into clean casks; then after the cider has worked so as to be pleasant, add to each barrel a pint of mustard seed, and bung tight. The cider will remain till spring of pleasant taste and sparkling appearance, when poured into a tumbler.

Cider is a very healthy beverage. Taken temperately, its action is good upon the system. It corrects the tone of the stomach and liver, passes off the bile, and thus is a preventive of jaundice, sick headache, ague and the like. That troublesome and often fatal disease, fever and ague, flees a country as apple orchards approach and multiply, as surely as the Indian retires before civilization.

October Work.

No month in the year affords more pleasant opportunities for out-door work than October. It is usually dry and cool, so that men and teams feel lusty and strong. The days are not so long as to exhaust either, and with all things in order a great deal may be done towards permanent improvements on the farm, besides attending to the stock and the crops.

The early part of the month is generally an excellent time for draining, which is a work greatly needed on many farms. Needed, because there are acres of low, moist ground on them which produce but one ton of ordinary hay each year, worth perhaps, ten dollars a ton, while, with proper drainage, ploughing, manuring a little and seeding, they would produce a ton and a half, and sometimes two tons per acre for ten years in succession, and worth from $10 to $16 per ton. Every second year such land ought to receive a top dressing of well rotted manure, in order to keep up the fertility which we have assumed. In most cases no money need be expended to reclaim such lands excepting for grass seed, if the proprietor does not raise it himself. The reclamation of such lands will pay the farmer twice as much interest as the investment of his money will in railroad, bank, or most other stocks. The investment of their money in various kinds of stocks where the income is small, at most, and where dividends are withheld, and ruinous losses frequently ensue, instead of investing in the soil about their doors, is an error which a great many New England farmers fall into. If they would make an experiment upon one acre, keeping an accurate account of the cost of reclamation, and the value of its products for five years, they would find that the products of the land would give an income three or four times as large as that derived from most stocks. This income would be liable to few fluctuations, and would be absolutely secure from any great loss.

Next to the middle of June, October is the best time for pruning apple and other trees. They are then in a comparatively quiet state, and will not bleed when they are cut.

If the month proves a particularly dry one, every available moment should be occupied to accumulate materials to increase the manure-heap throughout the winter. One of the best of all materials for this purpose is *peat*. Indeed, old, highly decomposed peat is an excellent manure in itself. In addition to this, it is one of the best absorbents in nature, and if added to the droppings of the stock once a week, will store up and preserve every pound of them for future use.

Cattle who are fattening for beef, and swine intended for slaughtering in December, will require especial attention while mild weather lasts. They will grow much faster on the same food, than when the weather is cold.

Much cost of fuel, vexation and discomfort may be avoided by careful attention to the buildings before blustering weather sets in. From the saddle boards to the underpinning, every part ought to be examined, and a shingle put in place, a clapboard nailed down, a pane of glass set, or a door righted up wherever either are needed. If the house needs banking up, it may be done easier and better with hemlock or pine brush laid closely together against the bottom of the house. The first snow that falls will be likely to fill all the openings in the brush, and the frost will not penetrate half as quick as it would a mass of earth. When the brush is removed in the spring it may be burnt in the garden, where the ashes will afford a most valuable dressing.

October affords a good time to clear up under the walls—cut the bushes and tear up the roots, and if the loam has accumulated there, as it often does in the course of years, cart it out and spread on the grass lands. It will be as valuable as a light dressing of manure.

Many other things will call for the attention of the farmer during the month, which, if neglected, cannot be so well done at any other time. He must remember that thrift comes more frequently from systematic industry than from what is called "good luck."—*New England Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

CIDER.—If you wish to make superior cider, select apples that ripen about the same time. Leave the decayed and imperfect apples to make vinegar. Let the pomace remain without pressing as long as possible, but do not let it approach fermentation. Sweet apples make the richest cider; use no water. Keep the cider as cool as possible; even temperature is very important. Have ready a tub filled with alternate layers of coarse gravel and charcoal broken large; lay on the top a piece of coarse flannel. As fast as the cider comes from the press pour it into the tub; a hole must be bored in the bottom of the tub and a plug put loosely in, so that the cider may run through slowly. Pour it into clean white-oak casks as fast as it leaches through, and put it in a cool, dark cellar of even temperature immediately. Leave the cask open until all fermentation has ceased; then put the bung in tightly. It is said cider made in this manner will keep sweet for a long time. Mustard seed is also used to keep cider pleasant to drink. If cider free from water is made after freezing weather sets in, and drawn into clean barrels, it may be preserved sweet all winter by being kept where the thermometer stands just above freezing point. If boiled down one quarter, it will be better still.

CRAB APPLE VINEGAR.—Grind the apples, press the juice, reduce it one-half, and add to a barrel three gallons of molasses; keep it warm, and let it work well before putting in the bung.

A subscriber requests a receipt for preparing cider from crab-apples. We do not find any express directions, and conclude the only difference to be that in making cider from crab apples water must be added.—ED. POST.

PARTRIDGE SALAD.—Carve a coal roasted partridge; place the members in a dish; add lettuce hearts in quarters, fillets of Gorgona anchovies, pickles, pieces of clear jelly, hard-boiled yolks of eggs in slices, celery, tomatoes, or anything likely to give effect to the dish; pour over it a Mayonnaise sauce, or add a salad dressing at table. The flesh, sliced and divested of bone, may be employed instead of the members of the bird, if preferred.

PERDREAUX AU CHOUX.—Get ready a brace of birds as for boiling; place in a stewpan bacon fat, small sausages, salt, pepper, bunch of herbs, small carrots, one or two onions, and a couple of Savoy cabbages previously parboiled; upon this place the partridges; moisten with sufficient gravy, and simmer gently for two hours. Arrange the cabbages in the middle of the dish; place the birds upon them, and surround these with the sausages and carrots; strain the sauce over all, and serve hot.

ICING FOR PIES.—Just before they are quite done, wax over the top of the pie with the beaten white of an egg on a feather, and sift white sugar finely powdered over the egg. Or use only plain water, and sift over white sugar. Or you may beat up the yolk of an egg, and put a piece of butter the size of a walnut (melted) into it, and wash over the tops of the pies with it, sifting white sugar powdered over it.

APPLE MERINGUES.—Fill a small, deep dish half full of stewed apples, or any preserved acid fruit (peaches are very nice,) and pour over an icing of the beaten whites of six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Bake slowly in an oven from one to two hours. It can be eaten cold or hot. If the apple is stewed, only let it remain in the oven long enough to cook and brown the icing nicely.

STEWED AND BAKED APPLES.—Pare and core some firm acid apples. Stick cloves in them; fill the vacancy left by the core with sugar, and some thin strips of lemon-peel, if you have them, and put into a baking-pan with just water enough to keep them from burning. Bake them until they are tender, but not until they break. When they are cold, eat them with whipped cream heaped over them for dinner, or plain cream for tea.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.

Omit my first, and I assist.

Omit my second and transpose and I am the end of all.

My 2, 1, 3, 4, express heat and dryness.

My 4, 1, 3, is a potent poison known and used by the gipsies.

My whole was a frequent occurrence during the late war.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have planted apple, pear, and cherry trees, one of each, around my house in the following order—from the house to the apple tree it is a certain number of rods, and from the house to the pear tree is another certain number, and just half way from the house to the pear tree stands the cherry tree. The square of the distance from the house to the apple tree added to the square of the distance from the apple to the pear is 90, and the difference between the square of the distance from the apple to the cherry, and the square of the distance from the cherry to the pear is equal to the product of the distance the apple is from the house, multiplied by the distance the pear is from the apple tree. What is the distance each tree is from the house?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I agreed with a tinner whose name was John Man,
To make for my wife a tin milk can,
Thirty inches exactly, the depth of the same,
And seventeen gallons of milk to contain.
The number of inches across on top,
To be twice as the bottom when new at the shop.
How many inches across must the top then be,
Likewise the bottom pray show unto me?

Bellefonte, Pa. EDWIN SEARSON.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a looker-on at a mart and a mariner? Ans.—One sees the sale, and the other sails the sea.

☞ Why is the fish an eccentric animal? Ans.—Because he will have his (s)whim.

☞ What is the difference between a spider and a duck? Ans.—One has its feet perpetually on a web, and the other a web perpetually on its feet.

☞ Why is an egg like a colt? Ans.—Because *it is not fit to use till it is broken.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Dam. CHARADE—Brigadier, (Brig—a—deer.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 6th—$23201.183, $24861.942, $25679.304, $26858.271, respectively. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—A, C, 17,821 rods, and B, C, 8.66 ⋈ rods. E. P. Norton.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 13th—8 hours, 16 minutes, 19.04 seconds. This answer was communicated to me several months ago, by Joseph Ficklin, Prof. Math. State University, Mo. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—A travelled 535-41 miles alone, B 1337-41, C 2020-41; and the whole journey occupied 10 5-41 hours. E. P. Norton, J. M. Greenwood. A 5.86 miles, B 13.69 miles, C 20.49 miles; and time of making trip 10 hours, 7 minutes, 12 seconds. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of July 20th—A $626 18-107, B. $719 67-107, C $775 75-107—E. P. Norton. A $626.33⋈, B $719.61⋈, C $775.54⋈.—N. R. Farrio.

Answer to W. M. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 27th—A travelled 5 35-41 miles alone, B 13 27-41, C 20 20-41; and the whole journey occupied 19 5-41 hours. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, and Artemas Martin.

Answer to J. L. Hersey's PROBLEM of August 3rd—3 feet from the forward end. Artemas Martin, E. P. Norton; 4 feet from forward end; J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of August 3rd—6,2448 feet. W. H. Morrow, Artemas Martin, E. P. Norton, and J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of August 10th—18 31-33 pounds. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to L. Lebus's PROBLEM of Aug. 10th—21, 35 and 30 chains. Lewis Lebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 17th—A got 6 yards — $36; B got 8 yards — $64, W. H. Morrow, and P. S. Newling.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—123,264623 gallons. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 24th—12 and 20 rods. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—The distance from A to B is 180.6 ⋈ feet. E. P. Norton.